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Vær med os.





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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
THOMAS ADAMS,
WARKWORTH.



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
THOMAS ADAMS,
WARKWORTH:
CONSISTING OF
THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR,
AND
SOME MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

Alntwick :

Printed by and for W. Davison.

1811.

280. n. 740.





TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
EARL PERCY,
THESE POEMS
ARE,
WITH THE UTMOST DEPERENCE AND RESPECT,
INSCRIBED
BY
HIS LORDSHIP'S MUCH OBLIGED,
AND MOST
HUMBLE SERVANT,
W. DAVISON.



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PREFACE.

TO T. ADAMS' POEMS.

PREFACES and Apologies are so very common as Introductions to works of this kind, that it would look somewhat awkward, and absurd if I were not to comply with such a mode.

To juvenile-productions such as these, very little Introduction may perhaps be necessary: however it be, the Learned and Judicious, must not here expect what is called a complete work; that is unmixed with errors, &c. A candid and generous Public will, I presume, before they give judgement make an allowance to youth, and inexperience; and overlook those errors incident thereto; following the advice of a certain poet:

"In ev'ry work regard the Writer's end."

Poetry is justly compared to a speaking picture, in which we have the perfect resemblance painted

 TO T. ADAMS' POEMS.

lively before us ; in such a manner, that we, as it were, partake of the company of the hero, and follow him along through all the striking events of his heroism : we also partake of his trouble, and sorrow, joy and happiness alternately : we are strangely set with bitter hatred against his enemies, and we feel an unaccountable attachment to his friends ; our hearts are oppressed with sorrow at his death, so that we could almost shed tears : so full of lively scenery is descriptive poetry, and so strongly are its images imprinted on the mind !—Poetry was at its greatest height among the Ancients in the time of HOMER ; and at so great a degree of perfection was it then carried ; that human powers and human thoughts cannot possibly go beyond it ; (I mean in respect to epic poetry) it is in vain to attempt a higher degree ! consequently, there is nothing left to the moderns but to follow everlastingly upon the same track, without acquiring that praise, which would have been certainly due to their merits had the works of the Ancients remained in obscurity.—The mighty deeds of ACHILLES, HECTOR, ÆNEAS, and ULYSSUS would have only occupied some scraps of history, had not a

TO T. ADAMS' POEMS.

HOMER, and a VIRGIL sprung up to sound their mighty actions in immortal verse ; our knowledge of Troy, and the states of Greece would have else been but faint ; like the distant rays of the western sun, gliding obliquely thro' an overshadowing cloud.

It appears to have been very common among the Grecians, as well as other states adjoining, to have their remarkable feats of heroisms, sung in the strains of a poet : nay, it appears to have been a reward relied upon principally by adventurous warriors who were ambitious of transmitting their names to posterity ; and of acquiring reputation and fame among their countrymen : for this purpose a poetical genius was always preserved, and always nourished ; from hence may be inferred that perfection in Epic verse which flourished some years in Greece : an example how animating to the obscure warrior in the day of battle, to have a chance of rising with his superiors, without either of those vain, and worthless possessions of birth and fortune ; and to have the great satisfaction of having the wounds, the toils, and the fatigues of war recompenced by a glorious reward. However

•

TO T. ADAMS' POEMS.

let us endeavour to paint the glorious actions of a great man before a brave army and navy, ever ready to imitate the heroic actions of their gallant brethren: and may the name of NELSON by the kind assistance of my gallant countrymen descend to the end of time.

As for the following poems I shall not say any thing in commendation of them; of course the learned will ever judge for themselves; and the merits or demerits of any performance will certainly decide its fate: therefore I leave my candid readers to pass judgement as they think proper.

Respecting the smaller miscellaneous pieces; they were, like the other, written purely for my own amusement, in my vacant hours; and not designed originally for the press—however, I trust they may not be unacceptable to the public.

T. A.

Warkworth,
January, 1811. }

THE
BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

A POEM, IN TWO CANTOS.

Argument.

ILACEDÆMON—Season of the year—Station of the fleets—The Spaniards hold a council of war, and agree to sail in the night for the straits—They set sail—Are discovered by the English—The fight commences off Cape Trafalgar—Admiral Collingwood breaks through their centre—Nelson engages the Santissima Trinidad of 136 guns—Obstinate contest, in which they set fire to each other—Flames quenched—Nelson wounded—His impatiēce to know the situation of the fleets—Various instances of remarkable bravery—The enemy give way—19 sail taken—Nelson dies—Gallant action of the Temeraire—Two Frenchmen cannonade each other—The mistake discovered—The Achille blows up—Dreadful catastrophe—Three admirals of the combined fleets taken.

The scene stretches along the Spanish coast from Cadiz, to Cape Trafalgar; and the time about one day and a half.

THE
BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

Canto First.

*As floating mountains, floating mountains meet,
Such is the first rencounter of the fleet.*

DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

HOW Nelson fought, and how the Gauls retire;
Sing heavenly goddess to the tuneful lyre!
Ye genii of the deep instruct my song,
And hurl the strains with thund'ring force along.
When Lacedæmon's glory shone on high,
The dread of empires, and of kingdoms nigh:
When her bold sons prepar'd to take the field,
'Gainst an invading foe with blazon'd shield;
Their wives, their kindred, children flock'd around
And all did cheer them to the glorious ground!
They pointed to their heroes statues gone,
And shew'd them an example to press on:

 LACEDÆMON.

These, these, they'd cry—these are the glorious crowns
 That you will purchase with your bleeding wounds.
 A band of poets then, with tuneful lays,
 Came forth, and sounded many a hero's praise!
 Listen my sons!—then cried the sages round;
 Hear the immortal lays of warriors crown'd!
 Hear! hear! fly! purchase such a gold reward,
 And emulate th' immortal-making bard.
 Thus glowing, to the hostile plain they drew,
 And on the foe with dreadful fury flew:
 But those who shew'd their backs unto the foe,
 Or from the battle's rage were seen to go:
 Eternal infamy, and lasting shame,
 Did blot from valour's book their hated name:
 None would approach them, none would give them food
 He could not eat who fear'd to shed his blood.
 But those whose courage thir'd the slaughter'd foe
 Whose num'rous wounds did witness ev'ry blow;
 With open arms receiv'd—and shouts of wel-
 come flow.

THE SEASON OF THE YEAR.

Thus was brave Lacedæmon e're she broke,
 Beneath the tyrant gripe of luxury's yoke :
 Thus found that fool (1) at Thermopyla's plain,
 When that fam'd passage coop'd with millions slain.
 But now an ignorant, a stupid race,
 Dwell in her domains, and her fame deface.
 What she then was, is fam'd Britannia now ;
 Whose naval thunder makes the proudest bow !
 Ye sacred nine ! who guide the vocal strain,
 Inspire my verse with our great hero's fame !
 That dark oblivion, in her spacious womb,
 Hides not his name—not his great deeds entomb :
 That after ages, when they hear them sung,
 May oft resound his praise ; with glory stung ;
 May with enraptur'd tongue echo his praise,
 And lisping children shall record his lays.—

The sun now in the southern hemisphere,
 Wheeling his course, had chang'd th' varying year,

STATION OF THE FLEETS.

That dreary quarter now approached nigh,
When storms, and tempests o'er the ocean fly !
When to the skies, the wat'ry hills aspire ;
And mournful strains salute the trembling lyre :
The lab'ring bark now on the mountain rides,
Then downward plunging, cleaves the flashing tides.
While the invading waters from below,
Maze the poor crew with black despair and woe:
Till crush'd with mighty blows, she floats no more,
Down to the bottom goes, amidst the thund'ring roar!
Our naval glory, two great nations (2) view'd,
View'd with malicious eye, with posture rude ;
And as alone one pow'r durst not engage,
Thus both co-operate to shew their rage:
Yet ev'n then, they durst not meet the foe,
But lie at Cadiz with inactive show:—

This naval fortress on an Island stands;
Join'd by a bridge unto the parent land;

BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR 19

STATION OF THE FLEETS.

A spacious harbour doth enhance the town,
Whose guarded entrance wears a hostile frown!
Puntal and Matagord (3) like watchmen stand,
And overlook the circumjacent land.

Thus strongly guarded, they no danger fear,
But quiet lie secure from van to rear:
While our great hero a strict blockade keeps,
And hails all cruizers wandering o'er the deeps;
Between the Straits (4) and Guadalquiver's strand (5)
His watchful mariners surround the land!
With anxious eye, they long had view'd the foe,
Coop'd from their rage, with an indignant glow:
Long had the combin'd pow'rs indolently
View'd England's pendant streaming to the sky:
So great a multitude devour'd the coast,
And pale fac'd famine seem'd to make a boast,
She'd enter the Bourbonian land by force,
And wring their hearts with sorrow and remorse:

COUNCIL OF WAR.

Misunderstandings also tore the fleet,
Which urg'd them forth the dreaded foe to meet.
A council sat on board the Bucentaure (6)
Where all the chiefs debate the theme of war:
Here Gravina with princely stature stood,
There sat Ignatio of royal blood;
Here proud Hidalgo cast his eyes around;
There young Baltazar for his fame renown'd:
The chief then rose; fair Catalonia's son;
The tow'ring Gravina his speech begun:
Ye mighty chiefs of high Castilian birth,
Why droops our ancient valour to the earth?
Long have we here, regardless view'd yon foe,
Dare our sick sons to guide the thund'ring blow;
Long Briton's heroes, with insults and mocks,
Have prick'd our ears,—and stung our bord'ring rocks;
We fearful stand, at the bold threats dismay'd,
And never spring to our lost country's aid!
Our great forefathers dy'd the sea with gore,
And bravely fought—with brav'ry now no more.

COUNCIL OF WAR.

Oft did their fleets traverse the Ocean round,
And settled Africa's uncertain bounds !
Forc'd the proud pirates on yon Barb'ry shore,
To seek for safety from their angry roar !
Now Britain triumphs ; and from pole to pole,
Shakes o'er her sceptre—and bids thunders roll.
Sail there a fleet—from all the world beside ;
No sooner does their ships salute the tide,
The British Lions, with tremendous roar,
Seize on their prey ; and off the very shore,
Devour, disgorge,—and scoop the trembling food,
And hurl the scatter'd fragments o'er the flood !
Nor are our fleets secure ; tho' forts around,
Frown o'er the passages, and shake the ground !
The daring crew without—no danger know ;
Scorn ev'ry obstacle, and ev'ry foe !
Unus'd to fly,—they dare the boldest harm,
And shake all Europe with the dire alarm !
Rouse then ye chiefs !—avenge your wounded fame,
And win again your drooping, dying name !

COUNCIL OF WAR.

See! yonder Britons yet with threats defy,
See! their proud standard kiss yon orient sky!—
Rouse then at once; your Country's cause maintain
And free our ships from danger on the main.
Here have our fleets, this twice ten weeks gone o'er
With idle pomp deform'd our native shore:
While yon proud Gauls, to our eternal shame,
With mockings unprov'd, our race defame:
With brutal insolence they rule our fleet,
Reville our Nation in the public street;
And if a Spaniard stand to aid her cause,
His body feels the marks of Foreign laws!
Thus are we trampled on by Bona's crew,
And thus, our mournful Country they subdue:
To aid our hosts, they came as brave allies;
But on us only, all their anger flies!
While such a multitude devour our food,
Pale gaping famine, threatens like a flood,
To rush upon the Land, and overwhelm us all,
And haste our Country to its direful fall!—

COUNCIL OF WAR.

Two ways alone, are left to save our land ;
Ways that an enterprising mind demand :
Either to push into the daring fight,
Or thro' the Straits, (7) by a clandestine flight,
Unseen,—unheard,—escape the foe this night. }
To chuse the first—our sure defeat we cast ;
But reason's voice, alone prefers the last !—
To whom Hidalgo : mournful tale indeed !
Before our country falls, let's wear the weed !
Dare Bona's (8) crew insult us on our land !
Or dare they unconsulted give command ?
No—no—they dare not or by yonder sky,
This haughty race of Gallia's sons should die !
You talk of famine !—famine !—why all Spain,
Can at command, pour forth a sea of grain !—
Beyond all truth, you magnify the foe ;
Whose pow'r in fight, I, and not you can know !
A dastard mind oft peeps thro' fair disguise,
And shines conspicuous in the bravest eyes !—

COUNCIL OF WAR.

You cry shame!—shame!—and praise our sires of old ;
What fools they are, who credit all you told !
I see no danger yet approach our land,
Nor need we ought fear from yon Albion band ;
Strong forts—high rocks, about our hosts uprising ;
Which if a foe approach, he instant dies !
But if our council, and the Gauls agree,
You have my voice to push this night to sea !—
Then thus Baltazar : words ensure no claim,
Proud birth, and Titles, but an empty name !
Deeds make the hero ;—and the man of arms,
Pours forth no bullying threats amid'st alarms ;
The easy mind by luxury subdu'd ;
Can see no danger on it's ease intrude.
As when the sailor, drench'd with store of wine,
Admid'st a tempest—rolls the decks supine ;
And while the ship sinks down, to rise no more,
He cheerful sings—and mocks old Ocean's roar !—
Our country's danger stares before all eyes,
A prey to France, and all her curs'd allies.—

COUNCIL OF WAR.

The tyrants plot (9)—by heav'us he grasps our coast;
 'Tis France I fear, and not the British host.
 This self same fleet came forth to whelm us all,
 And all their thoughts are bent upon our fall.
 Oh! that the tyrant, stood my sword before,
 His brains I'd scatter on the craggy shore.—
 Let's urge them to the fight—provoke their rage;
 Cry them as cowards, force them to engage!
 Then if a spark of courage glows within;
 They'll join the fight, and sure destruction win!
 We to our ports, can at our leisure fly,
 Or join the Britons, as a brave ally.—
 But if to fly the foe, you all agree,
 You have my voice, to push this night to sea.—
 Incens'd, Hidalgo with a frown replies;
 Ay, go and fall a glorious sacrifice:
 Upstarts are ever, when upon their shore,
 Brave men, and heroes; form'd to climb before;
 But when gigantic death, strides o'er the field,
 These gallant souls, are fain their legs to wield.

COUNCIL OF WAR.

By the eternal pow'rs!—a boy's alarms;
To sound with childish cry—to arms!—to arms!—
Go—go, and live beneath a father's eye,
Throw by thy sword—and from all danger fly—
To whom Baltazar: oh vain birth, and show,
The tyrant's maxim—and the country's woe!
Fools by that claim, grasp at the helm of state,
And steer each wretched country to its fate!
You talk of cowards;—be it seen this night,
Who shrinks away, and trembles in the fight.—
Ignatio then starting from his seat;
Them thus reply'd: oh! troublers of the fleet;
When will that everlasting, wrangling close?
Restrain your strife,—and use it on your foes.
Such civil discords; kingdoms overthrow,
And fill whole empires with despair and woe!
Shun it my friends, until this hov'ring blast,
And all its seeming rage be overpast.
I'll weigh myself, if our chiefs don't agree,
And push this night into an open sea.—

COUNCIL OF WAR.

Our country calls,—the haughty Gauls oppress,
 And many a murder calls for loud redress!
 If yonder sun, perceive me here at morn;
 May heav'ns dire rage transfix me rent, and torn!
 Great Villeneuve, the chief commander now,
 Of Gallic birth; into the council-drew:
 To whom Ignatio: your voice we need,
 In this affair—our bruised sores do bleed,
 Your quick assent will crown our enterprise,
 And send our forces o'er you swelling tides;—
 Our sev'ral chiefs, each wish to quit the shore,
 And thro' the Straits escape the morn before,
 Two only vote to rush into the fight;
 And scorn the movements of a dastard flight!
 Too long our ships have idly mark'd the strand;
 Too long, alas!—our anchors bite the sand!
 While Spanish blood oft marks its native shore;
 Unanswer'd,—unreveng'd, and clogg'd with gore,
 Their injur'd shades have no atonement bore.

COUNCIL OF WAR.

We cannot tamely stand, those ills to bear:
Nor will we stand!—held by the force of fear!
Revenge them then!—the chief outrageous cries,
And doom the Spanish fleet a sacrifice!
If but one vessel of your nation sail,
Without command—all Cadiz then may wail!
Why did our fleets come forth from France to save,
Such dastard fools from an untimely grave!
Without our aid, Spain would have been no more,
Her trembling ships had strew'd the rocky shore—
Dissolve the council—without more delay;
Your ships depart not yet by night or day—
Then ceas'd his voice—the chiefs all silent stood,
And on each other gaz'd—in sullen mood!—
Ignatio with stern contempt then 'rose,
And broke the silence with two thund'ring blows.
What all dismay'd?—Baltazar stand before!
Let none depart!—stand armed by the door!
The youth at his command his falchion drew,
And forward to the door, impetuous flew!

COUNCIL OF WAR.

The shining weapon glanc'd around the gloom,
 When the brave chief his speech did reassume:
 These sons of France, said he, are fear'd to go,
 Forth from our ports:—they dread to 'scape the foe:
 To loiter thus bespeaks a coward's heart,
 Which e'er from danger flies, with wings alert.
 To whom thus Villeneuve: and who are you!—
 That doth our conduct, keenly thus review.
 Are you to call us cowards, authoris'd?
 Or do your arms o'er Buonaparte's preside?
 That head of yours, tho' guarded by the Pope,
 Shall swing aloft on yonder top-sail rope!
 Then thus Ignatio: oh! wretched Spain;
 'Tis now my country that I fear thy reign!
 Shall haughty Frenchmen o'er thy sons preside,
 Who in their breasts a coward's ever hide?
 Shall they presumptious, thus o'erwhelm our coast,
 And dare not meet yon gallant British host?

COUNCIL OF WAR.

Yonder! great chief, if in your breast there lies,
A noble rage—upon yon Britons rise;
And on your friends dart not your angry eyes.
To whom the Gallic chief: then be it done,
By all the pow'rs, the next returning sun,
Shall on our hosts no more in Cadiz rise;
Or ev'ry Spaniard at that instant dies!
Rouse up the sailors! rouse the slumb'ring fleet:
And let us rush into the mighty deep.
Towards the Straits we steer—and if the foe,
Arrest our flight—prepare to meet the blow!
Thus said, they ran to give the bold command,
And rouse the Pilots to depart the land.
Deep midnight now involves the eastern sky,
And thick'ning clouds o'er the pale orbit fly;
The lashing billows sounding on the shore,
Thro' the still silence cast a mournful roar.
Far from the land, the British Squadron ride,
With flutt'ring canvass on th' Atlantic tide:

THE FLEET SETS SAIL.

The eastern breeze that forc'd them from the shore
 With blust'ring force—sung in the shrouds no more.
 The gentle zephyr from the polar seas,
 Blew in propitious gales—a fav'ring breeze!
 Some of the smaller vessels sent before,
 To spy the coast—swift o'er the waters bore;
 Their thick'ned hulls upon the liquid way,
 Cast a black shade, and darken all the sea.
 The British Seamen on their platforms high,
 Patrole the decks, and hail their comrades nigh:
 Some, as the bounding water round them laves,
 Sing in loud strains “ Britannia rules the waves.”
 The vassal waters at each lay sunk down,
 And the deep rolling billows ceas'd to frown:
 At such a time, the combin'd pow'rs prepare,
 To 'scape the British thro' the pitchy glare.
 Forth-issu'd with a shout, the bold command;
 The thund'ring sound runs all along the strand.
 Now swarms of sailors at the stern decree,
 Are seen to mount above the trembling sea.

THE FLEET SETS SAIL.

As when the bear, to gain the luscious store,
Strives with his paws the hive to tumble o'er;
The wing'd inhabitants rous'd by the foe,
Swarm forth with sev'nfold rage to ward the blow
Pow'rs after pow'rs, team from th' assailed store,
And rolling squadrons block the narrow door:
Innumerable numbers—strong the brood,
And over head appears a black'ning cloud.
Thus did they swarm aloft, when the loud roar,
Ran with ten thousand echoes round the shore.
The pop'lous Isle (10) pour'd forth her num'rous
 brood
All round the bay, the black'ning numbers stood.
Shout after shout succeeds from van to rear,
And num'rous blows resound in swift career.
Their engines (11) now, with levers whirled round,
Tear up the anchors from the sea beat ground!
Now Milton's chaos holds his empire here,
In vain the orders giv'n; to make all clear,

THE FLEET SETS SAIL.

While mingled cries send the loud uproar ;
 And blows and knocks, re-echo' long the shore !
 Rous'd from their long abode, the anchors now,
 By slow degrees remount the tall, majestic prow
 Up the tall masts, the slippery yards ascend,
 And high in air their canvass wings extend,
 The floating top-sails shiv'ring in the wind,
 Mounting aloft, with quick'ned-task they bind :
 Now down below the gunners fly about,
 To ev'ry piece, and draw their sumpions out :
 The instruments of death, around are laid,
 The shot, the lighted match, and sponge well pad ;
 While the bold Gallic standard rears high,
 Foretels the furious shock approaching nigh ;
 Wheeling impetuous round, it strikes the azure sky. }
 The combin'd fleets had now got under weigh,
 Resolv'd to push into an open sea—
 The Spaniards on the shore with pealing cries,
 And boisterous echoes rend the very skies —

THE FLEET SETS SAIL.

Thus while they 'tend to sea, this mighty fleet,
The British squadron is prepar'd to meet :
As when a tyger his dear life to save
From the rag'd lion, flies into his cave ;
Awhile in triumph, there he lies secure,
'Till want of food no more he can endure :
While slowly from his cave he's marching out,
He sees the hungry lion at its mouth !
Doubtful what course to take, he snuffs the wind,
Death is before him, hunger is behind :
But still he thinks 'tis better there to die,
A glorious death, than starving here to lie.
Then setting forth, cloath'd with black rage and night
Vowing that death alone, shall end the dreadful fight.
Towards the Straits, the fleets now onward steer,
The strongest vessels close the guarded rear
Right in the van, there Villeneuve leads on ;
Here Gravina the second bears along :
Next him Ignatio his standard rear'd,
And proud Hidalgo to the left appear'd :

BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR. 35

DISCOVERED BY THE ENGLISH.

The smaller vessels haul towards the shore,
And spokes alternate fly with boist'rous-roar—
Impell'd by easy winds, along they glide,
With black'ning hulls, which darken all the tide:
The morn now in the east, with gather'ing away,
Spreads o'er the ocean with a bursting ray.
The sportive dolphins, on the glassy plain,
Dart with repeated strokes along the main;
While waving circles in successive pride,
Spread from the troubled ocean o'er the tide.
The combin'd fleets now near mount Calpe (12) drew
When lo! a British cruizer strikes their view;
Th' alarming sight distils their hearts with fear,
And boist'rous signals fly from van to rear!
A semi-circle now their ships inclose,
Whose wings progressive, at intervals close!
While hast'ning signals from the Briton (13) flee,
That the combined pow'rs had put to sea:
Our gallant hero at the first alarm,
Commands the squadron in two lines to form:

DISCOVERED BY THE ENGLISH.

First in the van, he England's banner bore,
The other, Collingwood (14) led on before :
The prows at once, as if by magic sway ;
Wheel to the east, and plow the wat'ry way ;
The bellying sails, swell'd as the zephyr blew,
And o'er the surf the swimming forest flew !
Thus they proceed ; while glowing ardour ran,
From ship to ship it spread ; from man to man .
The sounding drums beat with a martial lay,
And add fresh courage to the glorious day .
Our gallant chief, as he survey'd the foe ;
His eyes all sparkled with a fiery glow ;
His soul absorb'd with an unusual ire,
Glow'd with fresh courage, and indignant fire .
The glitt'ring star upon his breast did blaze ;
The badge of honour, and the gift of praise .
The officers around, with filial care,
Their fears of danger at the sight declare ;
And plead the measure of a quick disguise,
The only safeguard of the nation's prize !—

BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR. 37.

DISCOVERED BY THE ENGLISH.

To whom, the chief of men with warmth reply'd,
As he sublimely trode above the tide :
No—no ye brave companions of my life,
Shall I so fearful meet this glorious strife:
Shall I so dastardly evade the blow,
Which all my friends unshrinking undergo?
Shall future times, say Nelson in disguise,
Afraid of death—fell a sad sacrifice?
Shall Gallia boast,—that I—her bitter foe,
Whose fleets and armaments, my courage know :
Shall she then say, that Nelson at the last,
Inglorious fell!—and sought to shun the blast?
No!—by the pow'rs who rule the wat'ry flood,
Free to all fate, I'll rush thro' seas of blood ;
And if the heav'nly author will my death :
Hail ! glorious end— bright exit of my breath!—

Now in the east, the glorious lamp of day,
Gilds the high mountains with a burnish'd ray ;

38 BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR

DISCOVERED BY THE ENGLISH.

The sky all sparkling with a crimson hue,
Blush'd as bright Phoebus round his curtains drew,
As when the golden dust of Afric's coast,
Is upwards scatter'd by a furious blast;
The living metal, like to stars on high,
Glow's all around like a revolving sky!—
Right on the front great Calpe's mountain bore,
East and by southward on the Spanish shore:
And as the fleets towards each other drew,
Then, ever and anon, fresh signals flew:
Off Cape Trafalgar, met the hostile fleets;
There Death unfurl'd his standard o'er the deeps:
The combin'd force, (15) a large half-moon inclos'd,
From east to west, to close around their foes:
The British forces (16) in two lines drew nigh;
All nature trembling at th' approaching dye.
The ships approach—a dreadful silence round—
Strikes the beholder with a heart-felt wound!—
Streamers, and pendants, with bright pomp and state,
Shine o'er the waves—and cover all the fleet!—

THE ENGAGEMENT.

The thick'ning masts, a mighty forest shone;
 Clad round with hostile troops, the timbers groan;
 The pond'rous hulls—which cover all the tide,
 The waters groan beneath, and round the surges glide.
 The lengthen'd sides, clad with black cannon round
 Gape o'er the waters, and all sense confound—
 Their horrid caverns, darken'd all within,
 Disclose black death; whose grisly jaws did grin.

The British Chief, before the cannons sound:
 Thro' all the fleet this motto spread around:
 “ England expects her valiant warlike sons,
 “ Will do their duty manly at their guns.”
 At sight of this, away pale fear doth fly;
 Resolv'd to conquer, or resolv'd to die;
 They to their sev'ral charges, anxious wait,
 With glowing ardour, their approaching fate.
 The combat's now begun, the guns proclaim,
 While belching out the dread infernal flame.

 THE ENGAGEMENT.

Cries, shouts, resound!—and mingled discord ran;
 Blood, death, and slaughter spread from rear to van.
 The second chief, (17) with an undaunted mind,
 Led on his hostile ships before the wind:
 Towards the centre of the foe they lie,
 Round, grape, and shells, before terrific fly!
 Right thro' their line, he bursts with giant strides,
 And drives the scattered ships upon the tide;
 Then wheeling round amidst ships to the foe,
 The muzzles of their guns touch at each blow.
 The Gallic chief perceiv'd the centre fly;
 Rage rous'd his soul, his flashing eye-balls fly!
 Forth stamping on the deck with boist'rous roar,
 You on the left, he cried, close up before;
 If that curs'd dastard (18) take again to flight
 Straight all give fire; and sink his soul in night.
 The ships obey—the pow'rs wheel round before,
 And close between the vessels and the shore!
 The gallant Mars (19) elate with enterprise,
 Longside the flag ship of Hidalgo flies!—

BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR. 41

THE ENGAGEMENT.

The pouring broadsides shook the tide around,
Masts! yards! boats! men! into the sea rebound;
The brave commander foremost in the shock,
Stood the rude torrent, like a marble rock;
And as the cry of "Vict'ry" round him flies,
Pierc'd in the battles rage, he bravely dies;—
Now smoke and hail, spread death and night around
The air's convulsed by the thund'ring sound.—
A giant ship the Spanish Admir'l (20) bore,
Whose huge bulk on the waters vail'd the shore;
And threat'ned death to all that dar'd approach,
With terrible volcano sounding forth!—
Like Leviathan, on the wat'ry way,
She mov'd, and dealt around the deathful play.
Four rows of cannons, gape around her frame,
Which ever and anon spout smoke and flame!—
The guns are prim'd—then all at once run thro'
Earth, sea, and air shake at the dreadful blow;
The trembling sides burst with terrific fright,
And bend her on the next cry to sink in sight.

 NELSON BEARS DOWN.

The sea around, retires with refluent glide,
 Old ocean groans, and back repels the tide:
 From her first exit in the womb of night,
 Never, she never, bore such monstrous weight!
 The waves beneath, groan and can bear no more,
 The whole sea shakes, and murmurs on the shore.
 As when Vesuvius—clad in black attire,
 Spouts from her mouth the dread infernal fire;
 The stones fly forth!—earth shakes!—the deeps
 resound,

And the curs'd lava spreads destruction round:
 All nature groans!—the pond'rous rocks outfly,
 Sing thro' the air, and smoke along the sky!—
 The British chief, on board the Vict'ry stood,
 And hurl'd fierce laughter o'er the black'ned flood.
 He comes resistless—clad in fierce array,
 Back fly the hostile ships, and leave him way:
 He sails between—to right and left they fly,
 "Make way before" the British seamen cry,
 While three loud cheers, re-bellow to the sky!

BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR. 43

ENGAGES THE SANTISSIMA TRINIDAD.

As when Achilles with tremendous stroke,
Thro' the whole forces of the Trojans broke ;
His ringing sword, swung round from earth to sky,
Crush'd down whole bands, and forc'd the brave to fly :
So mov'd the chief—down thro' them all he ran :
None dar'd to stop his course, from rear to van !
' Longside this mighty Colossus (21) he flies ;
With mighty shouts, loud shrieks, and dreadful cries }
The Spaniards see, and tremble with surprise ! }
Then 'gan a dreadful, undistinguish'd fight ;
As ever was beheld, by mortal sight !—
It seem'd as Etna, 'gainst Vesuvius stood ;
Drowning each other in th' infernal flood !—
Thick smoke and flame immers'd them from the sight
They seem'd as buried in tenfold night !—
As when the sealy herd in hostile rage,
On ocean's top a furious combat wage ;
The waters roll around with wond'rous rise ;
As if a tempest burst from all the skies !

OBSTENATE CONTEST.

Fins clash on fins—their pond'rous tails reply
The curling waves in frothy vapours fly !
Red gushing wounds emit a purple tide,
Which curling paints the surface far and wide !
Thus did the ships in rude encounter close,
Thus ocean quiv' red with the mighty blows !
Had ancient sages this encounter seen ;
They'd sworn to fight, below the Gods had been !
And, that Jove with his thunder 'mongst them stood
Rending the air !—shaking the quiv'ring flood.—
The hostile ships so near each other lay,
Their larger cannon scarce had room to play.
The glassy Ocean that their weight upbore,
Thunder'd with dread upon the hostile shore.
Amid'st this furious shock our Admir'l stood,
Like a strong tow'r—unterrified—unmov'd ;
His noble soul, with courage well prepar'd,
“ Rose with the fight, and all its dangers shar'd,
Around the fleet he cast his gallant eyes ;
Saw how the enemy retreats, and flies !

OBSTINATE CONTEST.

Saw British valour shining like the sun,
 Before his high meridian course is run.
 His breast rebounds at the delightful blaze,
 And all his soul is wrapt in valour's praise!—
 So look'd sage Cato, when before his eyes,
 His valiant son (22) all fears of death despis'd;
 When the whole shock of his Numidian foes
 He stood;—and fell, crush'd with unnumber'd blows.
 Thro' yielding planks whole showers of bullets fly,
 And the vast splinters mount th' orient sky.—
 Here young Baltazar (23) fell at glory's feet,
 The pride and wonder of the Spanish fleet!
 Scarce eighteen summers had his mind matur'd,
 When ev'ry toil, and danger he'd endur'd:
 To right and left along the decks he ran,
 Inspiring courage from the rear to van;
 Oft times the guns he points—now aft, now fore,
 Thro' smoke, hail, fire the chief tremendous bore;
 Shouting among the flames, and calling out before! }

OBSTINATE CONTEST.

The British Tars mark'd his impetuous force,
And the black cavern aim'd to stop his course:
The iron zone whizz'd with tremendous flight,
And struck the Spaniard with a boist'rous weight;
Upon his neck the heavy sphere did fall,
The sever'd member seem'd another ball!
Whirling in air it flew—then darting down,
It sunk into the tide with rapid bound:
Awhile the body headless, stood upright,
Then down it thunders an enormous weight.
The hollow decks resounding with the shock,
From stem to stern echo the boist'rous stroke.
The Spanish chief perceiv'd him where he fell,
His beating breast with sighs unnumber'd swell
And as he hung the hapless hero o'er,
He thus reply'd: oh! glory of our shore!
No more undaunted shalt thou stem the wave,
Or all the fury of the tempest brave;
Sent oh! too soon to an untimely grave!

OBSTINATE CONTEST.

Young, brave, and generous—as the lion bold ;
Enduring all extremes of heat and cold !
No sigh—no murmur, at the fate's decree
Escap'd thy soul, conspicuous on the sea.
The roaring guns tell thy departing breath,
Hoarse slaughter foams around, and chokes the jaws
of death.

Peace to thy soul, thou spirit of the brave !
Fall'n in an early; but a glorious grave ;
Thy actions merit an immortal name ;
The muse shall sing thy never dying fame :—
He said no more—rous'd with a hois'trous stroke,
A deadly corse down on the platform broke ;
Hurl'd from on high—down crashing as it flies,
It struck the gallant chief with dire surprise'—

The after mast (24) of their Colossal foe,
Clad with marines dealt slaughter to and fro.
The gallant tars incens'd at such a crew,
Point to the pine—the balls unerring flew ;

ON FIRE—FLAMES QUENCHED.

The crashing wood flies forth--down bends the tree;
The shrouds in fragments rend,—the topmast cleaves
the sea.

While the poor fellows on th' uplifted height,
Thrown headlong down, plunge into endless night.
The pointed flashes from their armed sides,
Pierce thro' the planks above the shaking tides!
Each ship did blaze—all horrid was the scene,
Fire! smoke! hail! thunder! not a space between.
The topmasts only to spectators nigh,
Were to be seen yet pointing to the sky:
The sounding buckets play with quick'ned force,
And fire, and water stay each others course;
These two uncombinable matters now
Assail with furious force each lofty prow.
The Span'ards now their guns were seen to fly,
And seek for shelter in the bulwarks nigh.
The decks were cover'd o'er with slaughter'd men,
And o'er the blood-stain'd planks the scuppers ran.

THE SPANIARDS IN CONFUSION.

At each broadside! arms! legs! heads! bodies fly,
 In whirling motion to the lofty sky.
 Then pouring down a dreadful, bloody show'r,
 The decks are dain'g'd with a sea of gore:
 The waters round are stain'd, with crimson blood,
 And the sea monsters drink the purple flood,
 The wary foe to shun destruction nigh,
 In mix'd confusion from their stations fly,
 The officers, to stop their rapid flight,
 Use all their pow'rs to cheer them to the fight;
 From rear to van they run, from van to rear,
 The flying threaten, and the fearful cheer:
 But all in vain—for now the starboard side, (25)
 Is left all desolate upon the tide,
 While cries and shouts, in swift succession roar,
 As "strike the flag" and "push the ship on shore."
 One boldly to the after quarter past,
 And strove to rend the streamer from the mast, (26)
 With both his hands, he tugg'd with backward slope,
 And round his middle bent an after rope.

INTREPIDITY OF THE SPANISH CHIEF.

The Spanish chief perceiv'd the bold attempt,
And his bright sabre thro' his bowels sent!
Go to the shades below! the Admir'l cried,
Thou dastard soul! unfit to stem the tide.
The spouting crimson rushed from the wound.
And on the deck his clanking arms resound!—

Next, oh! thou gallant chief! the pow'rs on high,
Decreed that thou, in Vict'ry's arms should'st die!
Thou saw'st thy crew 'gainst numbers bear the fight,
And drive thro' fire, smoke, hail, and horrid night.
Saw'st them like heroes triumph at the last;
Sing in the storm, and mock the angry blast!
Thyself like Mars, upon the platform stood,
Sole hero of the universal flood!
As thou approach'dst, thy ever gallant crew,
Fresh courage rose, and gusts of valour blew;
Striding aloft, they hurl death at the foe,
Bend the whole air, and shake the sea below!

BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR. 53

NELSON WOUNDED.

The Spaniards' tops (37) thick with marines were
fill'd,

Who with their pieces swept the deck and kill'd,

One of this crew skill'd in the marksman's art

Could fix the bounding swallow with a dart;

Or wound the members, or transfix the heart.

Upon the poop, the British Chief he spied,

Hope of renown inspir'd his soul with pride:

Marking him out, distinguish'd from the rest,

The fatal aim he took—the trigger press'd.

The centre of the star the ball pierc'd thro',

And falling on the deck with panting throe;

The officers around, bore him below.

The Spaniards as he fell, with boist'rous sound,

And loud applauses rent the air around.—

A Briton on the deck perceiv'd the foe,

Who gave his master the rude death-like blow.

His breast with rage, and fury bounds on high,

As he survey'd him bellowing to the sky:

 NELSON'S IMPATIENCE.

He aims his piece—away the bullet went,
 The leaden metal all his forehead rent ;
 Then dropping down—headlong in air his flight,
 And on the deck he falls a monstrous weight.

The Spanish chief, perceiving that the foe,
 More furious grew at each succeeding blow
 Ran o'er the Ship with careless wild despair ;
 Reason's fair form all vanish'd into air.
 A band of Spaniards from the starboard bow,
 All panic struck, in mixt confusion flew.
 The chief perceiv'd them, and with monstrous stroke
 Down on the foremost's skull the weapon broke ;
 Nor stop't the steel, 'till cloven to the eyes,
 His head divides in two ; while down he flies,
 The blood stain'd deck with echoing force replies,
 Down to the lower decks with forceful strain,
 The remnant fly ; but fly from Death in vain,
 The British chief impatiently below,
 Yet asks the number of the captur'd foe.

THE SANTISSIMA TRINIDAD STRIKES.

How many, to the Captain would he cry?
 Have struck to us?—how many foes do fly?
 Look out before, the precise number spy?
 Here three loud cheers the hollow decks rebound;
 Thrice did the roar with many a refluent round,
 “Thro’ all her inmost, winding caves resound.”
 Up starting from his couch, the chieftain sprung,
 And ask’d the cause of joy so loud and young:
 To whom the officer: our giant foe,
 ‘Longside us here, all shiv’ring to and fro;
 The guns dismantled—topmasts shot away;
 The frightened crew fled from their posts away:
 All of a sudden ceas’d, and fir’d no more!
 The smoke decays—cries of submission here;
 And as the Spanish standard downward flies,
 Three cheers from all our fleet, rend th’ o’er-arching
 skies.
 ‘Tis well, he cried—where lies the Gallic chief?
 Do any of our brethren need relief?—

COLLINGWOOD RELIEVED.

Brave Collingwood, the officer reply'd,
Is sore oppress'd, and hemm'd on ev'ry side .
The Gallic chief upon his quarter lies;
Before, behind, three others shake the skies..
The Royal Sovereign (28) bravely 'midst the shock,
Repels the torrent like a marble rock!—
Haste then, oh! haste; the British hero cry'd,
Give the command, and cleave the bounding tide ;
Our vessel push 'longside the Bucentaur, (29)
And snatch our comrade from th' unequal war :
At his command, the vessel cleaves the tide,
Down thro' the hostile ships on ev'ry side :
The curling water rolls the bows before ;
Loud roars the cannon round, the surges beat the
 shore.
'Longside the Gaul, the ship tremendous flies ;
While three loud cheers salute the vaulted skies !
The foe amaz'd, like heaps of statues stand
'Till courage rouse again their hopeless band.

•

COLLINGWOOD RELIEVED.

The vict'ry opens her tremendous caves;
 Forth bursts grim death wide-gaping o'er the waves
 The sounding breadsides, with eruptive force,
 Bounce from her timbers with tremendous course,
 The quiv'ring ocean bounding from her side,
 Rolls back tumultous in a whirling tide.
 The Gallic chief amazed at the blast,
 Began to think all hope of life was past,
 With his own hands he points the flashing guns
 Now fore—now aft—now here—now there, he runs
 Four Gauls he meets upon the starboard side,
 Who from the windward guns with terror fled;
 Out flies his sword, and them he thus bespoke:
 Oh! shameful race, with spirits ever broke!
 Turn—turn like men, or by yon western ray,
 Your eyes no more shall view the dawn of day.
 By fear impell'd, they join again the fight,
 While their commander rushes to the right.—

56 BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

THE ENEMY BOARDED BY THE ENGLISH.

A band of Britons arm'd, upon the side ;
Invade the Frenchmen, and o'erleap the side:
The clashing sabres whizz'd in air around,
And mingled cries burst forth, with dying sound.
Swords clash on swords—the British sweep before,
Clear all the side, and hurl destruction o'er.
The Gallic chief impetuous rush'd among,
The fierce invaders, and hurl'd death along!
One of the boldest did his blade uprear,
Rush'd on the chief; the sabre cleaves the air:
He leaps aside—down as the metal flies,
It cleaves the deck—the splinters mount the skies.
Fast wedg'd, the sword stuck upright in the wood
Four inches deep, and dy'd with crimson blood.
The bold possessor fearless strove to gain,
His well try'd weapon—but he strove in vain.
Th' enraged chief with a tremendous stroke,
Fix'd the brave Briton to the solid oak!
Right thro' his heart the furious weapon glides,
And shades of death, hang o'er his weary eyes—

THE ENEMY BOARDED BY THE ENGLISH.

Another next essay'd to gain the sword;
 Him the brave chief fix'd likewise to the board.
 The rest press forwards with resistless sweep,
 Regain the blade—and shake the quiv'ring deep.
 Like a tempest'ous flood from stern to stern,
 They sweep along—the Gauls all fearful ran.
 The chief himself, scar'd with their furious cries.
 Backward recoils—and down the hatchway flies.
 The Gallic flag rent by the furious crew,
 Was torn away—the British standard flew:
 While waving caps, and loud resounding cries,
 Rend the whole air and echo to the skies.

The Spanish chief (30) now far to leeward lay,
 Sick of the fight, and wearied of the day;
 His tatter'd vessel scarcely stems the tide;
 Thick ruined fragments on the billows ride:
 The tott'ring pines swing o'er the frowning sea;
 The ragged topsails hang beneath the lee.

H

THE ENEMY GIVE WAY.

Tir'd of the war, the Spaniard flies before,
Joins ten more ships (31) and shoots towards the
shore.

While to his sad companions thus he spoke :
Fly, oh! my friends—nor tempt the battle's shock,
Our chiefs are ta'en—Baltazar is no more ;
His brave remains, lie near his native shore :
Our ships all fly:—the foe with furious stride
Hurl death wide gaping o'er the western tide,
Our fleet they tear, and scatter o'er the sea ;
Such is high Jove's, and such the Fate's decree :
Destruction takes us, if behind we stay ;
Sure safety, if we steer our destin'd way :
Thus said, to Cadiz with impetuous sweep,
They spread their wings, and shoot along the deep.
The wounded British hero down below,
Tho' grasp'd by death—starts at each thund'ring blow
He hears the glorious sounds, the gallant strife,
His bosom rages with new kindling life :

BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR. 59

NINETEEN SAIL TAKEN—DEATH OF NELSON.

Death shrinks amaz'd, and at a distance flies ;
Scar'd by that flame which never, never dies !
Oh ! friends, he cries, doth not the foe yet fly ?
Cease not the hostile balls to sweep the sky ?
How long methinks the foe, the shock abide :
Foes, that were wont to shiver on the tide !—
To him the officer : oh ! England's prize !
Let not such cares oppress thy weary eyes,
The foe all fly—of four great chiefs that bore ;
Three we have ta'en—the other flies for shore.
Nineteen huge vessels of the vanquish'd foe,
Our standard flies upon—a glorious blow.
The ships remaining, scatter'd o'er the sea,
Fly like maim'd bulls, all bellowing as they flee.
Oh ! mighty Jove : the dying chief replies,
Thanks to thy arm, outstretch'd from yonder skies.
Nineteen you say ?—I am content, he cried,
Then in the arms of Vict'ry calmly died.—
Like great Epaminondas he did die,
Like the bold Theban, waited anxiously,

THE DEATH OF NELSON.

To see the vict'ry firmly in his pow'r :
Content to die—nor dread the mortal hour.
The troubled ocean with unusual fright,
All agitated, curl'd a monstrous height.
At its great hero's death ; along the shore,
The mighty deep sent forth a trembling roar.
The officers around, shed tears to see
This gallant soul no more, this hero of the sea !
The scorching sun, whose rays the topsails gild,
All in a moment, hides his blazing head :
The scouring clouds that o'er his orbit fly,
Rush on tremendous thro' the troubled sky,
And in a moment change their course and die. }
Such strange eruptions shook that trembling land,
When the great Saviour fell by traitor's hand.
The rocks rent downward to their solid base,
Crash'd with tremend'ous fury o'er the waste ;
The forked lightning roll'd in horrid blaze,
And dreadful thunder burst thro' heav'ns concave:

BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR. 61

GALLANT ACTION OF THE TEMRAIRE.

Thus nature shook, when that Britannia's sun
Its glorious course—its zenith height had run!
Thus fell a man—and thus a hero died!
Britannia's ornament:—Britannia's pride!
None like to him again shall ride the sea;
Nor will his rival, England ever see!
His name defies all the world's envious art,
Writ, and engrav'd on ev'ry British heart.—

Immortal train! who soar on heav'n borne wing,
Again of British valour let us sing:
Again their matchless fame proclaim around,
And thro' the world unrival'd valour sound.
The Temraire (32) here should not unnotic'd go, }
She in this combat struck a gallant blow, }
And overcame two of the proudest foe!— }
Her brave commander like an Ajax shone;
Hurling gigantic death, with rapid strides along
His gallant crew, no fears, no dangers know:
Scorn ev'ry obstacle—and ev'ry foe!

62 BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

GALLANT ACTION OF THE TEMBRAIRE.

Their hearts steel'd round amidst the shock of fight,
Yet feel soft pity's ray, dart its enkindling light
With enterprising soul, they dare the foe,
Sweep thro' the hostile ships and scatter woe!
Nor could the torrent from the mountain side,
Rush thro' the valley with more furious glide.
Two combin'd ships to stop their course agree;
Push thro' the fight—and shake the western sea.
To his companion thus the Gaul bespoke:
Haste thou with me my friend, and dare the shock,
Yon furious Briton, proudly to and fro,
Struts thro' our fleet—and cleaves the sea below.
None dare approach the monster as he flies;
Who fights meets death, and who would 'scape him
dies,
To us then be the praise; the honour all;
If conq'rors we return—our fame shall never fall.
France—Spain; shall hail us to our native shore,
And while we bear the captive Briton o'er;

BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR. 63

GALLANT ACTION OF THE TEMRAIRE.

With rage celestial, and a grateful name,
The muse shall sing our never-dying fame !
Content the Spaniard cried ;—then bursting thro',
The sea, and air shake at the dreadful blow.
One on each side they cling with eager sway :
Masts, yards, and bowsprits at the shock give way.
The guns no more gape with terrific sound,
All draw their swords—and spring with fury round.
The French and Spaniards now on either side,
Pour in upon them like a rushing tide !—
The ringing arms—uplifted to the sky,
Descend tremendous !—legs, heads, bodies fly.
The British arm'd, thick line th' assaulted side,
And like a bulwark nodded to the tide.—
The boiling tar some swing with fury round,
And on the foe discharge—the buckets sound,
Th' infernal ointment daubs their visage o'er,
They made wry faces, danc'd, blasphem'd and swore ;
Some with the painful, burning torment rave,
And leaping overboard find a cooler grave.—

GALLANT ACTION OF THE TEMRAIRE.

A furious Gaul upon th' Temraire clung ;
And on the rigging with a bound he sprung,
His sabre out—the shrouds his fury feel,
And the stout ropes feel his descending steel.
A British tar perceiv'd the bold attempt ;
And with a handspike to th' intruder went :
The wooden weapon swings around with dread,
And falls impetuous on the Frenchman's head ;
Deep in his skull, the weight tremendous flies,
And the poor soul burst forth in piercing cries :
The shatter'd bones with fury dart around,
And on the deck his clanking arms resound !
Death shakes his dart impressive o'er the deck,
Feet, limbs, heads, bodies lie in crimson wreck.
A Briton arm'd with a tremendous pole,
Stood where the hottest blows like thunder roll ;
And as the troops of Frenchmen mount the side,
Round flies his weapon with a furious glide,
And whole battalions clash into the tide. }

GALLANT ACTION OF THE TEMERAIRE.

Five different bands attack'd him where he stood,
 And still as oft he sweeps them in the flood,
 The deck around him ran with crimson blood,
 And mingled fragments strew'd the purple flood
 And as the foe drew nigh, with threat'ning growl,
 He cried, come on: and dar'd them with his pole:
 The Gallic chief outrageous at the deed,
 Thus in sharp strains rebuk'd them as they fled:
 Are these, he cried, the offspring, and the race,
 Of ancient Gauls?—who seem'd to turn their face.
 Men, as we read in history's glorious page,
 Chief of the war, great conquerors of the age!
 Men, who with daring numbers from afar,
 Shook ev'n great Rome, and harp'd their northern
 war;
 On whose proud gates, their bucklers thrice did stand
 Thrice did they scour all Italy around.—
 Are these their race?—no, by our northern star,
 It cannot be!—the Gauls ne'er shrink from war;

 GALLANT ACTION OF THE TEMRAIRE.

Base trembling knaves—see! see! they shiver all
 A stain to France, inglorious thus to fall!
 The crew abash'd—stept, and would fly no more:
 Three youths then forth, march'd all the rest before,
 These undertook to force an open way,
 Pierce the brave Briton, and atchieve the day!
 To prove themselves the genuine race of Gaul,
 They make a vow to conquer, or to fall!—
 The furious Briton yet upon the side,
 Sweeps all around the red destructive tide:
 The youths advanc'd—his weapon upward bends,
 Then downward on the foremost foe descends;
 Upon his side the wood with fury falls,
 Throughout the Ship th' echoing stroke recalls,
 Upon the deck the prostrate Frenchman lies,
 His ribs all shatter'd—while his piercing cries,
 Sound like the bird of night, along the skies. }
 Again the hero pois'd his blood-stain'd pole,
 And at the second foe its force did roll

GALLANT ACTION OF THE TEMERAIRE.

There, as it thro' the airy regions sings,
A hostile sword upon the weapon rings!
Thro' the close grain the furious sabres went,
The shatter'd weapon in two pieces rent;
Half of the pole within the Briton's hand
Alone remains—too short for his demand:
The hostile foe rush forth, and with one blow,
Aim'd both at once, pierc'd the brave warrior thro'
Back as he falls tremendous on the deck,
His shatter'd weapon strikes the Frenchman's neck,
The bones all crack; the sinewy fibres fly:
Both fal', and on the hollow deck reply.
One only left, too far encroaches o'er;
And finds that life's sad embers burn no more,
Behind the mast, th' advent'rous hero flies:
But all in vain he shuns the sacrifice;
A raging foe—uprears the blade aghast,
And nails the shiv'ring hero to the mast.
Impal'd he struggles with a piercing cry,
And death's dark veil encroaches o'er his eye.

SALLANT ACTION OF THE TERRAIRE.

The Gauls now downcast with the Britons rage,
Flee to their ships, and leave the bloody stage.
Th' assaulted then, became assaulters now,
And in their turn upon the foe they flew :
As when a torrent swell'd with wintry rain,
Hurls headlong from the mountains to the plain
And meets within its furious course a rock,
Whose giant sides repel the strenuous shock,
The angry flood recoils with foaming roar,
And dashing waters curl, along the rugged shore.
The British then, undaunted rush'd aboard,
Both ships at once, and ply'd their shining swords.
In fifteen minutes was their standard seen,
Flying on either foe with glorious mein.
With their own hands, the hostile flags they tore
Off from the poops, to glitter there no more !
Here was a feat unmatch'd in ancient times :
Where was its rival ? in what age or clime ?
The British courage like the glorious sun,
Shone there conspicuous ; left no mark undone.

GALLANT ACTION OF THE TEMRAIRE.

Remember this ye noble lordlings gay,
Who spend your hours, in banqueting and play :
If the main'd tar approach your gaudy hall,
Begs your assistance in his needful thrall,
Oh ! bounteous give, 'tis they preserve you all !
Think how their limbs all change of seasons hide,
Th' equator's scorching heat, and polar skies.
Two Gallic ships that to the leeward lay
Kept in close unison upon the sea.
A fierce Hibernian was the commodore,
Who traitor-like, forsook his native shore,
If taken in the fight, the chieftain knew,
The shameful death that would his cause pursue.
A Briton unengag'd, these vultures spy ;
'Longside they run, their bullets show'ring fly :
The dreadful cannon like loud thunder ran ;
And dire concussions shake from rear to van,
Grim death in state, sat on each flying ball
And strew'd fragments round the main mast fall

TWO FRENCHMEN CANNONADE EACH OTHER.

A world of smoke from the main battle flies
With black'ning shade; and clouds their weary eyes;
No object could the most acute descry;
Hid were the seas, and all' obscur'd the sky.
Still the loud guns unceasing hail the fight,
And show'ring balls sing thro' the veil of night:
Some unknow'n movement brought the Briton free,
Forth from the flames into a clearer sea!
But how surpris'd the gallant warrior stood,
To see the fight unceasing shake the flood.
The combin'd Gauls, amidst the dire mistake,
With thund'ring bravery each other shake:
The surging waves roll back with refluent glide,
And grisly horror marches on the tide.
No breath did stir the surface of the deep;
And the hoarse cannon lull'd the air to sleep.
As when Ulyssus to Ithaca o'er
The ocean sail'd—and ey'd the Siren shore;
The winds, as if ensway'd by force divine,
Hush'd all at once—more fiery grew the clime.

THE MISTAKE DISCOVERED.

The sweet deluders, tun'd the heav'nly lyre,
 Rous'd all his soul, and fill'd his breast with fire.
 Swift as the pleasing danger nearer drew ;
 His arms outstretch'd, to meet, the dire deluders flew

Now fifteen minutes had elaps'd ; when lo !
 The smoke blows shoreward, waving to and fro.
 The ships appear ! they found the sad mistake :
 Found and repented—but alas ! too late.
 The masts were gone, the hulls were pierc'd thro',
 And the long decks, did quiver to and fro.
 Large ragged topsails hung beneath the lee,
 Masts ! yards ! and bowsprits, gild the freighted sea.
 The lofty pines yet hanging by the shrouds,
 Drag on behind them thro' the wat'ry floods
 Aloof, from van to rear, the loaded deck,
 Sustains a monstrous weight of broken wreck.
 The English heroes bear upon the foe,
 Their guns resounding as the smoke did flow.

BOARDED BY THE TENNAIRE.

Cries of submission burst from either side, (83)
And the two hostile flags salute the tide.
The boats then man'd, to board the ships they row,
Mount up the side; (84) the British flag let go.
While to his crew the northern chief (85) began:
Run! run! and seize that curs'd Hibernian man.
That Irish traitor!—by the pow'rs above;
His treach'rous neck, the topmasts height shall prove
At his command they scale the lofty side, (86)
Search out the chief, who lurks above the tide.
He conscious of the death that would await,
Prepares to suffer in a desp'rate fate.
First from the deck a lighted match he bore,
Secur'd, and plac'd it near the store-room door.
A train of nitre next, he o'er the wood,
Spreads from the magazine to where he stood.
That when his post, he should be forc'd to fly,
His last resource might blow all to the sky!
Next the strong door with double cords he bound,
Bent turn, on turn with many a weary round.

BOARDED BY THE TEMRAIRE.

Then two strong beams upright against the wood,
 He fix'd:—himself behind, arm'd with a sabre stood,
 The band of Britons, scour the decks all o'er,
 Pry in each place, and ev'ry room explore.
 Next all the lower deck, they search along,
 Reach the store-room—but find the entrance strong.
 Each then concludes the foe within must lie;
 Their shoulders to the door, the crew apply.
 The strength behind, secures the planks before;
 Unmov'd, and stubborn as a rock it bore.
 A forty pounder from the deck above,
 One bore away—it's furious force to prove.
 Four with their arms at once the ball upbore;
 At once they spring, and hurl it at the door.
 The metal ore, flies with a mournful sound,
 Strikes on the wood, the crashing planks resound;
 The beams behind, bend to the furious stroke,
 Down thunders all the structure rent and broke.
 The bold Hibernian with his sabre sprung,
 To guard the door,—the swords reaclashing rung.

 BOARDED BY THE TEMRAIRE,

The fated chief aim'd a tremendous blow;
 And furious pierc'd the foremost Briton thro'.
 With measur'd length, he falls along the floor,
 And closed eyes, alas! to wake no more!
 His mates at once rush on the Irish foe;
 Disarm the traitor with a deep'ning blow.
 He backward falls, down thund'ring on the wood,
 All cover'd o'er with wounds, and hostile blood!
 The match he snatches as he furious lies,
 Fires up the train—along the floor it flies,
 There blow their souls to air; the traitor cries: }
 In vain they snatch it from his horrid hand,
 Too late alas! the danger to command.
 The Britons up the hatchway strive to climb,
 But fear had enervated ev'ry limb:
 They cease—and stand transfix'd in dire despair,
 All sense and motion vanish'd into air.
 Thus stood the Patriarch's wife, when Sodom hur'd
 By wrath divine, in ruins strew'd the world.
 Fix'd to the earth a monument of woe,
 Hard stone embrac'd those bones where flesh did grow.

THE ACHILLES BLOWS UP.

The traitor chief, outstretch'd upon the floor,
Grin'd out applause with an insulting roar;
At the bold deed his guilty hand had done:
Nor did his tongue long on these accents run.
A Briton all enraged; with a stroke,
Fix'd the old hoary traitor to the oak!—
Now had the flames among the powder run,
Black smoke, and fire, rise and obscure the sun.
The British vessel spreads her canvass wings,
And to the windward with a bound she springs.
Now from the reach of ev'ry danger nigh,
A terrible explosion greets the sky!
Men! planks! bolts! boats! dart thro' the trembling air,
A head falls yonder, and the feet light there.
The ship in sunder burst, and heav'n resounds;
Ocean retires, and quits her statted bounds.
The hapless few who near the stove room stood,
(Forc'd with tremendous fury o'er the flood.)
Mount in the air; their feet and limbs divide,
Sing thro' the wind, and thunder in the tide.

THE ACHILLES BLOWS UP.

The shatter'd decks, borne with a furious spring,
Divide the air—then down with fury ring.
The fleets with horror view the dreadful sight,
And upward gaze transfix'd in pale affright.
A grave spectator, of superior mien
Observ'd: tho' dreadful sights I oft have seen,
Never, I never in my time before,
Witness'd a scene that so much horror wore,
Fragments of men, rain'd all the fleet around,
Arms, toes, legs heads, upon our decks resound,
Aghast, a monument of woe I stood;
And in the veins congeal'd my stagnant blood.
As when on Sodom's plain, by heav'n's command,
Infernal show'rs devour'd the fruitful land:
The blazing sulphur pour'd tremendous down,
And smoking ruins were spread along the ground.
Her wicked people at this dreadful hour
Crush'd in the tempest—fell to rise no more.—

No more spectators now the vessel see,
No more her form majestic rides the sea!

THREE ADMIRALS PRISONERS.

The grandeur of all human things must fade,
 Her, and her crew, are all an empty shade.

Now all the wat'ry waste extended o'er,
 The foe remaining seek the friendly shore !
 From English wrath, they fly with panting breath,
 And gaze with horror on the scene of death,
 But Oh ! the dreadful carnage that was made,
 The scuppers ran with gore, the sea was red ;
 Thousands of gallant souls, that day no more,
 (Whose courage rose, as the loud cannons roar
 Will greet their friends upon the English shore : }
 The rocky shore around is strew'd with wreck,
 Masts, yards, and boats the spoiling Ocean deck.
 Three hostile chiefs made pris'ners by the foe ;
 (Vill'neuve, Hidalgo, and Ignatio,)
 Now eye their fate—they see their Country's fleet,
 All scatter'd, taken—maim'd—no more to meet
 The Gaul all sorrowful reviews the stage,
 And trembles at the stern Usurper's rage ;

THREE ADMIRALS PRISONERS.

When Pity never with one single tear
Mark'd the dry cheek—or smooth'd the brow severe.
Oh! vales of Spain and France: their thoughts exprest
Where ev'ry rage lies undisturb'd at rest!
Ye flowing streams, ye placid grots and bow'rs,
Ye lovely fair, the theme of softer hours!
Ye spicy groves, ye cloud-cap't tow'rs, and hills;
Ye charming prospects, and meand'ring rills!
Fair pleasures all—ye heav'n inspiring few,
Your native Chieftains bid you all—adieu!
Thus stung with woe, the heroes firmly eye,
Their adverse fate—the will of Jove on high.
Yea—stoically, at the stern decree,
They view the mighty heroes of the sea!—
A trifle hence—no not an hour before,
The great command of mighty fleets they bore,
Review them now— of ev'ry pow'r bereft;
Ee'n Liberty herself the Chiefs hath left.
Such fate Oh! man befalls the mean and brave,
To day he reigns as king; the next—a slave!

END OF CANTO FIRST.

THE
BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

A POEM, IN TWO CANTOS.

Argument.

VIEW of the fleet described—A Sea Nymph rises before the fleet and describes an ancient sea fight—the discovery of Gunpowder and its effects—then warns the English of an approaching tempest—The tempest accordingly rises—The Royal Sovereign in distress, is towed to sea—Four others in distress are relieved—Morning—Lamentation for the slain on the Spanish shore—The fleet sail for England—Arrive off Cape St. Vincent—Off Lisbon—The sea again enlarges—Top-gallant yards sent down—Fleet scatter'd—Gain Cape Ortegal—Two of the fleet driv'n near Vigo—They explore the Coast—Run ashore in Gijon bay—Contest with the Spaniards—Heave the vessel off—Contest with the Oberons—Cut out two Privateers, take a battery, and spike the guns—Come up with the fleet of Ushent arrive in England—Conclusion.

The scene stretches along the western coast, from Cape Trafalgar to the Province of Andalusia in Spain, to the Land's End in England and the time taken up is nearly eight days and a half.

THE
BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

Canto Second.

*The combat's done, the cannons cease to roar ;
The sea, arise and lash the sounding shore.*

AGAIN ye sacred source of living fire,
Sound forth in epic strains the vocal lyre :
Sing how the conqu'rors overcame the flood,
How all its dire assaults the victors stood ;
And how their ships traverse the winding shore,
Mount the dread steep, then the great gulph explore.
The cannon now had ceas'd—the clouded smoke,
Was by the western breeze dispers'd and broke,
The ships all tranquil, beat about the tide,
Some near the shore, some far to windward ride :
When gently rising on the broad-top'd wave,
A sea nymph sprung Naope was her name

A SEA NYMPH RISES.

An ancient harp within her hand she bore.
Oft tun'd to naval feats in days of yore.
Ulyssus' fame, had sounded thro' her string ;
In Grecian seas she first was heard to sing,
Taught by the Goddess (1) of celestial wing.
Before that storms oppress the angry sea,
She warns the wand'rer of the deep to flee !
Before their ships she tunes the heav'nly strain ;
The ships self guided follow thro' the main.
Skill'd in the ancient, and the modern lore ;
A crown of sea-green bays the Nereid wore.
When Eneas, (doom'd by Grecian Gods to flee,)
Travers'd the surface of the Ægean sea !
The nymph divine his course did point before,
And led the hapless chief from shore to shore !
Still, as she lay upon Trafalgar's strand,
She ey'd the British fleet, and then the land.
Fragments of ships around her strew'd the tide,
And shatter'd masts upon the billows side.

BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR. 89

DESCRIBES AN ANCIENT SEA FIGHT.

Silent awhile, she view'd the wat'ry plain,
Then tun'd her harp, and wak'd the heav'nly strain,
The ocean heard, and smooth'd her glassy wave:
Sunk were the zephyrs, and all charm'd the breeze:
All Nature hush'd in silence at the lay:
When thus the notes their moving sense convey:
The combat now, how dif'rent from the age,
Of Alexander, or the Grecian Sage (8)
No thund'ring cannon rent the trembling breeze,
No clouded smoke obscur'd the quiv'ring seas,
No whistling bullets, sung the fleet around,
Nor from their weaker sides did flames rebound.
The hostile gallees, arm'd with brazen prow's
Stood the resounding strokes of weightier blows.
Soon as the hostile fleet approach'd, they drew
Their grappling chains, their darts and arrows threw;
Tacking about, they caught the flowing gale,
Then bearing down their armed prows assail'd.
The furious ships, with force together hunk'd,
Before the proes the rolling waters curl'd.

GUNPOWDER DISCOVERED.

Backward each vessel at the shock gave way,
At once the planks did bend at once they cleav'd
the sea,
Down in th' oblivious deep the brave did go,
Pass'd the dread Styx, and mix'd with shades below.
Others their bucklers mounted in the air,
The ships they hook, the burnish'd steel prepar'd.
Then hand to hand the clashing sabres rung,
And mighty stones resound from engines flung;
The dreadful faulchions fell with mighty glide,
"And slaughter'd heroes swell'd the frightful tide"
Thus rag'd the combat in those ancient days;
Thus the brave warriors gain'd immortal praise,
Till time fraught with inventions great and new,
The people's and the monarch's notice drew.
A mineral long hid in oblivion's shade:
Now sprung to morn, and to this bloody stage.
Long had the earth conceal'd th' infernal ore,
But for'd from thence it is conceal'd no more.

GUNPOWDER AND ITS EFFECTS.

Brought forth by one ordain'd to other arts;
 One meant for brighter ends and civil parts
 One, who should rather in example's way,
 Have liv'd to Jove, and sought the peaceful day;
 Nor ever from his precepts gone astray. }
 But justly punish'd for th' unrighteous care,
 He and his schemes were blown to empty air.—
 Now the swift bullets urg'd by it, do fly;
 And bombs, and shells ascend the lofty sky:
 Then swift descending by the æther bound,
 They burst in pieces with a furious sound,
 And scatter death, and desolation round. }
 These dread, surprising, instruments of death,
 Plato ne'er dream'd of, nor the Roman chief,
 Whose martial courage curb'd great Pompey's course;
 Drove the brave Britons to the last resource,
 Had his great soul this dreadful fight (8) beheld,
 He'd trembling stood, confounded and appall'd.
 The Nymph then turning to the fleet began:
 List all ye brave, who lie from rear to van,

 WARNING OF AN APPROACHING TEMPEST.

Push all your vessels from this hostile shore,
 Behold the winds arise!—the surges roar,
 Be wise, obey; or view your homes no more! }
 These ships dismasted, tow from off the strand,
 Strain ev'ry nerve, and ev'ry fear command:
 And when with rage the western furies blow,
 Cease not your toil; push on! impetuous row!
 Behold the winds arise, the surges roar!
 Be wise, obey; or view your homes no more.
 Then ceas'd the strain, upon the curling tide,
 The Nymph's fair form no more was seen to ride.
 The lofty strains yet echo thro' the breeze,
 Chann'd were the brave, and hush'd were all the seas.
 Now in the west bright Phœbus' rays were gone,
 And mystic night roll'd his black chariot on;
 Slow mov'd his car, thro' heav'n's celestial dome;
 And pitchy clouds thro' the blue regions roam.
 The western dæmon rousing from his sleep,
 Upturn'd the whit'ning surface of the deep.

THE TEMPEST ARISES.

Swift o'er heav'n's canopy the dark scud flies,
 And dreary whirlwinds foam thro' yonder skies,
 The sleeping billows rouse their ghastly head,
 And inward horror, and destruction shed,
 The wayward sisters, in a magic flight,
 Dart in meand'ring courses thro' the night,
 And the pale wand'ers of the deep affright.

The Royal Sov'reign near the margin stood,
 And seem'd half buried with th' enormous flood
 Again the seaman call'd to toils severe;
 Man all the boats, and row towards the rear.
 On such a rocky shore, in such a sea!
 Their gallant ship may founder by the lee!
 No masts, no sails, against the wind to bear,
 And shatter'd ruins dragging at the rear.
 As when the serpent, o'er the dusty plain
 Trails slowly o'er the earth his mangled tail;
 All clogg'd with dust, and curling o'er and o'er,
 So wheel'd the vessel on the leeward shore.

THE ROYAL SOVEREIGN IN DISTRESS

The boats approach—the long extended cord,
Is fasten'd to the steams hove from on board,
The sweeping oars with dashing strokes resound,
And the huge vessel thro' the surf doth bound,
The boats uplifted, seem to reach the sky,
Then down the steep with thund'ring force they fly
While ever and anon the sweeping-oar,
Pulls the huge vessel from the dang'rous shore.
Thus on they row; 'till nought they can descry,
But an immense expanse of sea and sky.
Four other vessels next terrific lie;
Their timbers cracking as they mount the sky.
Guns of distress in swift succession roar,
And mournful echoes strike the sullen shore.
Pale Cynthia thro' the gloom with dire affright,
O'er the rough waters cast a mournful light.
With mute attention ev'ry vessel stood,
With eyes directed to the mounting flood.
A band of heroes with advent'rous heart,
Now man the cutters with intrepid art.

FOUR SHIPS IN DISTRESS.

All sense of danger drowns before their eyes,
And only heedful of their comrades cries :
O'er the white surf in gallant style they fly,
And mount upon the billows to the sky.
They ne'er the land, when lo ! a mournful sight
The ships half buried in the womb of night.
Three cables only distant from the land,
Their batter'd sides no more the shocks can stand ;
While o'er the decks the horrid cascades pour,
And for one moment they're beheld no more,
Again they rise, emerging from the sea,
And upward on the lofty billows flee !
While the long keels strike the beholder's views,
On their beam ends the reeling vessels flew.
Thus Jonah well, the angry waters felt,
When in rebellion he to Tarshish went :
The frowning ocean stopt his headlong flight,
And swept the Prophet in the shades of night.

FOUR SHIPS IN DISTRESS.—ARE RELIEVED.

Before the reeling ships the boats now ride,
 And strive to tow them thro' the raging tide,
 But all in vain, no progress bless'd their toil,
 And o'er their heads the angry billows coil.
 What art deny'd, heav'n all compassion'd gave,
 And snatch'd these heroes from a wat'ry grave,
 The blust'ring dæmon of the western sky,
 Was bid by great Almighty Jove to fly!
 Who seated on heav'n's throne, thus then began:
 Hear pow'rs of heav'n! and ministers of man!
 Thou blust'ring spirit of the western breeze,
 Cease thy strong breath; nor raise the ghastly sea.
 These sons of men press'd by the hand of death,
 Look up to me for succour from your breath.
 Yea! and I'll let them know that ne'er before;
 Did the poor mariner to me implore;
 But I did guide him to some friendly shore.
 Go, then ye blust'rer to the shades below;
 Spring up ye eastern breeze; and gently blow.

THE MORNING.

At his command the western furies fly,
 Sink in the shades below and leave the sky.
 The eastern spirit gently o'er the deep,
 Fans the soft air, and lulls the waves to sleep,
 The joyful crew feel the auspicious breeze,
 And with quick progress cleave the seas.
 The land no more appears beneath the lee :
 With beating breast they find a smoother sea.
 Onward they row, 'till nought they can deary,
 But endless, sea, and an unbounded sky
 Now o'er the flood propitious bursts the morn,
 Whose presence cheers the weary and forlorn,
 Hail sacred vision ! heav'nly beams divine,
 Conspicuously thy growing glories shine :
 At sight of thee, the wilder'd traveller's eye,
 With sparkling joy salutes the eastern sky,
 And as an angel hails thee from on high. }
 Joy at the sight, wrings around the victor fleet,
 While o'er the bowl the gallant heroes meet :

LAMENTATION FOR THE SLAIN.

And in the golden liquid, drown all care,
All toil, all danger, in the bold warfare.—
Far different sight presents the kindling morn,
Along the Spanish coast sad cries are borne,
Upon the pinions of the eastern breeze,
Sad mournful voices strike the trembling seas,
Here the sad widow roaming on the shore,
Calls on the husband she beholds no more.
In vain for him, long may she hapless weep,
Whose icy frame deforms the rosky deep,
With streaming eyes, to heav'n she looks in vain,
And to the neighb'ring rocks, with woe complains.
Ah! wherefore then; with outstretch'd arms she cries
Can heav'n no comfort send me from the skies?
Why doth rude war, defuge with blood the earth?
And orphan children grace, the poverty struck birth?
Ye helpless babes! lament, untimely born!
And curse the day which brought you to the morn,
Poor orphans moan! and cry in vain for bread,
Your hope, support, your comforter is dead.

LAMENTATION FOR THE SLAIN.

Ye sparkling waves ! smooth let your surges roll,
 O'er the lov'd partner of my sever'd soul.
 Ye darken'd chambers of the unruly deep,
 Disturb him not in his long destin'd sleep.—
 Thus said, her cries were lost in yonder wood,
 Whose border stretches to the roaring flood.—
 Next in succession see the maiden rove,
 Whose soul is fetter'd by the chain of love.
 Pensive and slow, she marches on the shore,
 And cries, alas ! Antonio is no more !
 Snatch'd hence by him who fram'd yon vaulted sky
 At whose command whole fleets, and armies die.
 Pierc'd in the battle's rage he bravely fell,
 And in the bosom of the deeps doth dwell,
 Oh ! then more, ye powers above, she cries,
 (While sorrow bursts in agonizing sighs,)
 Will the lov'd youth behold his Laura more,
 Or roam together on the sea beat shore ?
 No more ye woods ! his person will contain.
 Ye rocks no more, will view the goodly swain,

LAMENTATION FOR THE SLAIN.

Here the long day unwearied would we rove,
Breath'd to the rocks, and told the heav'ns our love.
There as he all his inmost thoughts would tell,
My kindling bosom warm'd with life did swell.
The birds around us with celestial strain,
Charm'd ev'ry ear, and sooth'd the growing pain!
While white rob'd innocence, and beauteous truth,
Walk'd by our side, and charm'd the bloom of youth
Oh! heav'nly times!—too happy long to last,
The sure, sure prologue to a mournful blast.
That very night, before the fleet did go;
My sleep was broke by cries of grief and woe:
Methought the British with a bloody rage,
Broke thro' the isle (4) and slaughter'd youth and
age.

My love away, flew with the rest before,
And gain'd methought the Trafalgarian shore.
There did a monster with its rav'nous claws,
Seize on his form, and bore him in its jaws,

THE FLEET SAILS FOR ENGLAND.

To a dark cavern on the bloody shore,
 There disappear'd and him I saw no more.
 All faint I follow'd with heart-piercing cries :
 Then dreadful wak'd—and started with surprise,
 Put up a pray'r to Jove, and sought the skies. }
 Too true a presage of th' approaching blast,
 In which he fell, and which my woe hath cast.
 Then farewel peace upon this earthly stage!
 Farewel to pleasure, and the joys of age!—
 No more was heard—amongst the rocks around,
 Her sad, long, melancholy voice was drown'd.

Now thro' the fleet a signal flies, to weigh,
 For Albion's strand thro' th' Atlantic sea.
 Forth springs the anchors up the mighty steep,
 And flying canvass trembles o'er the deep!
 The gallant Admiral (5) foremost in the van,
 Leads on the columns from the hostile strand,
 A gentle breeze from the south-eastward bore;
 And sunk by slow degrees the tow'ring shore.

96 BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

ARRIVE OFF CAPE ST. VINCENT.

The ships dismasted form the heavy rear,
Dragg'd thro' the floods, a wayward course they
bear ;

Onward they hie 'till Cape St. Vincent bore,

North and^{by} west, on the Braganza shore.

Immortal name! to Albion ever dear;

Our gallant hero's laurels first grew here.

The Portugese stood fix'd in dire amaze,

And on his enterprising spirit gaz'd :

Their Algarve trembled at the deadly roar ;

Which ran successive round the winding shore,

The rocky Cape on its foundation shook,

And all the hills did nod with terror struck.

As when proud Lucifer from heav'ns concave,

Was hurl'd tumultuous in the damned wave,

His clashing pinions rous'd the voice of hell,

And dreadful thunder roar'd with horrid yell !

The blacken'd deep, with clashing, mingling sound,

Roll'd whirling o'er the sulphur-beaten ground.

OFF LISBON.

The flying fiends thro' burning regions drew,
And eastward, westward, northward, southward flew
To shot holes new, the carpenters apply,
Well fitted plugs a sov'reign remedy:
While busy up aloft the seamen bend
New fitted ropes—and on the masts extend;
Repair the sails, and cleave away the wreck,
While the broad axe resounds along each deck;
All hands are busy to prepare the fleet,
For future storms, they, in their course may meet.
The Chief's (6) remains preserv'd on board they
bear,

To England's shore, with glory to inter—
The fleet with easy winds the deep impel,
And the long stay-sails in the breezes swell,
And as Cape Spichel's rocky height they view,
To Tagus' shore by slow degrees they drew:
On whose proud banks great Lisbon's turrets tow'r
Fam'd for commercial wealth and Legate pow'r,

OFF LISBON.

Here Popish bigotry in fury reigns,
And gloomy superstition haunts the plains.
Here barb'rous wrath in ev'ry cluster moves;
And dwells alike in eagles, and in doves;
Here persecution arm'd with mortal sting,
Pursues the Protestant on dragon wing.
Like ancient Rome, sev'n hills support her walls,
Within, all bend to the despotic calls.
No warlike spirits her poor sons contain,
No enterprise e'er held them up to fame,
No heroes ever from her soilage sprung,
Alone she stands, around the world unsung.
Here as our fleet, the rocky shore pass by,
The trembling race implore with upward eye,
Divine protection sent them from the sky. }
Poor shiv'ring wretches see! they eye the fleet,
And think destruction will their persons meet.
Now ancient night in her dark robe appears,
And to the east a gloomy aspect wears;

THE SEA AGAIN ENLARGES.

To reef the topsails quick each sailor flies,
 For the dark scud roll'd o'er the troubled skies.
 The southern demon rousing from his sleep,
 Upturns the whitening surface of the deep.
 The top-gallant yards now down the masts descend,
 And the tall pines beneath the canvass bend ;
 O'er the white surf the ships with fury fly,
 And Roca's height no more they can descry.
 The Burlings (7) high upon the starboard side,
 Rear their huge tops above the foaming tide,
 The horrid waves around each tow'ring rock,
 Mount up the precipice, with thundring shock,
 While the deep chasms, with hollow groaning sound,
 And dashing murmurs echo all around.
 Prodigious rocks! the ocean's rage defy,
 And back repel the waves that on them fly:
 While the sea-mews burst forth in plaintive cries,
 And in a squeaking terror climb the skies!
 The mounting billows reach their rocky seat,
 And on their helpless young the spray deth beat.

THE FALCON IN DISTRESS.

North-west the fleet now scud with force before,
Traverse the ocean and lose sight of shore.
A ship unknown, to leeward they descry,
Sinking within the gulph, then mounting to the sky;
One of the van Britannia's thunder wakes,
The boist'rous echo o'er the water sweeps,
The bursting flash disturb'd the roar of night,
And the loud deep recoils in dire affright.
Soon as the vessel heard the thund'ring roar,
The wheeling prow fronts to the wind before
The foresail shivers in the mighty breeze,
And o'er the bowsprit fly the mounting seas,
The fleet drew near, and hail'd the ship unknown,
'Twas the brig Falcon bound from Cephalone. (8)
Twice nine long hours they scud before the breeze,
Thro' wat'ry regions, and a world of seas !
The storm at length by slow degrees sunk down
Decreas'd the waves—the waters ceas'd to frown.
The swelling sails their former stations gain,
And clouded canvass swells above the main.

THE FLEET SCATTERED—GAIN CAPE ORTEGAL.

Twelve vessels then alone appear'd in sight,
 The others scatter'd in the course of night.
 Some far to leeward lie, while others here,
 Seem scarce discernable towards the rear.
 No land in sight their weary eyes descry,
 Around them shone expanse of sea and sky.
 Here would the helpless mariner be lost,
 And into unknown realms be ever tost ;
 If that invaluable glorious ore,
 Did not direct him to the wish'd for shore.
 The quadrant's force, the seaman then command
 And find Cape Finisterre the nearest land.
 North east it lay—twelve leagues the distance found
 Straight to the shore the vessels onward bound:
 Twelve hours they sail, when on their joyful view,
 Cape Ortegal her tow'ring summit threw :
 Not far from hence Corunna's spires arise,
 Whose papal structures strike the tow'ring skies.
 The timoneers to the north quarter now,
 Direct with larboard helm the wheeling prow.

RUN ASHORE NEAR GIJON BAY.

Two vessels of the fleet near Vigo (9) stood,
Driv'n by the tempest o'er the western flood;
Along the shore they sail, in hopes to see,
The scatter'd fleet all shelter'd from the sea,
Bayona's Isle they pass, and Garcia's land;
Then Salure's rocks, and Muro's rocky strand.
Next Finisterre's dread Cape appears in sight,
Cezargos' rocks, and Ferrol's tow'ring height.
Cedeira then, and Ortegál they spy,
Where inland mountains touch the clouded sky,
Asturia's coast the heroes next explore,
Pass Castropol, and then Cape Penas shore.
Too near the coast the foremost vessel lay,
Hove by the swell and lifted by the spray.
Swift into Gijon's bay the heroes flew,
In vain they counsel, or what road pursue?
A dark'ning mist shades all the Spanish shore,
And all the scene a gloomy aspect wore.
Upon a bank the reeling ship was tost :
Guns of distress sound along all the coast !

BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR. 103

CONTEST WITH THE SPANIARDS.

The Spaniards hear—all Gijon was in arms,
Round all the bay echo'd the dire alarms
For never on that trembling coast before,
Was heard such dreadful sound of cannons roar.
The foe put off—the crowded boats appear,
Draw round the ship, and close upon the rear.
The heroes fire; twelve hostile boats they broke,
The others shoreward, fly the dreadful stroke.
The fearful natives tremble at the sound,
Wring their sad hands, and scour along the ground
The town abandon'd stood upon the land
And not a human footstep press'd the strand.
The flowing tide the vessel then upbore,
And flutt'ring canvass hove her from the shore,
North-eastward then the gallant warriors stood,
To Bourdeaux strand, thro' Biscay's furious flood:
Cordouan's Isle they pass, where on the shore,
A stately light-house rears its turrets o'er.
Upon Oleron's isle, a castle stands,
The painful work of ancient Gothic hands;

CONTEST WITH THE OLERONS.

With cannon arm'd the tow'ring structure stood,
And frown'd hostilely o'er the neighb'ring flood.
Moor'd strongly here, two privateers did ride,
With planted guns, and batt'ries on each side,
These we espy: said one on board the foe, (10)
We man our boats, and fight our passage thro'
Between Oleron, and the Isle of Ree,
We dart with speed, and cross the narrow sea.
Oleron's castle gap'd with furious roar,
And on us reign'd, a dread terrific show'r,
The Isles were all alarm'd, the people flock'd,
In thronging multitudes upon the rock.
Loud shouts, and cries, did sound with boist'rous
 roar,
And heavy murmurs ran, along the hostile shore,
No threats, no cries, intimidate the brave,
We pass regardless o'er the roaring wave.
In vain the forts at either inlet pour,
With tenfold fury an indignant show'r.

CUT OUT TWO VESSELS AND TAKE A BATTERY.

We gain the ships, ascend the lofty side,
 Our sabres ply—and thunder on the tide.
 The castle pour'd upon us, as we strove,
 And show'ring bullets whistled thro' the grove.
 The fight grew terrible, each thund'ring shock,
 Raz'd the foundation of the hostile rock.
 The dead and dying raise the bloody strife,
 Forth shrieks the mother, and despairing wife.
 At last the Frenchmen in a headlong flight,
 Forsake their guns, and climb the neighb'ring height
 We cut the cables, and our flag let fly,
 Bear out the ships, and rend the lofty sky!
 I, with a party then approach'd the shore,
 Push'd on the strand, and scatter'd death before,
 We gain the battery, and drive the foe,
 Forth from their guns—then follow to the blow.
 A furious Gaul, stiff near the guns withstood,
 Our rude command, and pointed to the flood.
 I all enrag'd, ran forward to the foe,
 And caught him up, resolv'd to end the blow.

SPIKE THE GUNS, AND EMBARK.

Swift round and round, I swung him with a stroke
His head reeling, on the cannon broke ;
His scatter'd armour strew'd the hostile shore,
Immers'd in blood he lay, to wake no more !
The guns we spike, then hurl them down the steep,
Thund'ring they fall, and plunge into the deep.
Then all embark'd, we push forth from the shore,
With loud huzzas and an insulting roar.
The foe far off upon a mountain stood,
And calmly ey'd us as we cross'd the flood.—
We gain our ships, and shoot along the sea,
Steer to the north, and pass the Isle of Ree.
St. Martin's town (11) gaz'd on us as we flew,
The beach was cover'd with the trembling crew,
The Isle of Aix near de Oleron lies,
Whose rocky bulwarks strike the tow'ring skies
Here gallant Howe (12) wav'd Britain's standard
o'er,
The barren Island unto Rochfert shore,

PASSING THE BAY OF BISCAY.

It shook ! it nodded, at each fierce broadside,
 And almost sunk beneath the burning tide.—
 All the inhabitants to Britain's shore,
 With gallant fortitude the chieftain bore.—
 Now night his ebon car drew o'er the waste
 When 'long the shore again we onward haste
 In gallant state o'er Biscay's waves we fly,
 And mount upon the billows to the sky.
 The horrid waves uprolling to the mast height,
 Seem'd as they drew to plunge us all in night
 As o'er the top we fly, a dreadful steep,
 Unvail'd the secrets of the mighty deep
 When down the mournful precipice we fly,
 Our gilded sterns point to the zenith sky,
 The bowsprit next bears to heav'n's arched dome,
 While the plung'd stern encounters ocean's womb.
 Thus on we hie until the the Isle de Yeu,
 And barren Normantier appear in view.

 PASSING BRETAGNE.

Then Bellisle next far to the leeward bore,
 North and by eastward on Bretagne's shore.
 The tow'ring rocks up perpendic'lar go,
 And seem impregnable to ev'ry foe.
 Here glorious Hawke (13) reap'd valor's myrtle bays;
 Here that brave hero gain'd immortal praise.
 Astonish'd France heard Britain's thunder roar,
 And shook with horror on her sea beat shore.
 The boasting Confians in a headlong flight,
 Here fled in cowardice to endless night:
 Sev'n of his fleet, alone escap'd the foe,
 And ran on shore to shun th' impending blow.
 Two of the largest, sunk within the flood,
 And the green surface flow'd with crimson blood.
 The trembling Frenchmen on the hostile strand,
 To caves, dens, mountains, fled on either hand.
 Here British tars wielding Jove's martial rage,
 Shook the strong pillars of that haughty age:
 Oblivion fly!—approach immortal dame,
 And crown the deed with never dying fame;

EXCHANGE SOME SHOTS WITH THE BATTERIES.

Let glory's sun shine o'er the hero's bier,
 And the cold cheek of death fresh laurels wear,
 Here as we pass the gaping Island by,
 Our ship too heedless ran the batt'ries nigh
 The French displeas'd at such intruding sway,
 Upon our ships began the mortal play :
 Some shots exchange'd, we pass the circling shore,
 And on the waves, traverse the wind before.—
 This fertile spot with nature's gifts doth smile,
 Eternal verdure spreads around the isle ;
 The trees perpetually their leaves disclose,
 Fresh flow'rs for ever spring, and fruitful harvest
 grows.

A beautiful wood on the west side we spy,
 Where trees of various hues attract the eye.
 The fanning zephyrs wafted from the seas
 Refresh the isle and cool the southern breeze.
 The rocks all round present a wond'rous bar,
 Her ornament in peace, and shield in time of war.

COME UP WITH THE ENGLISH FLEET.

Three landing spots alone lead from the strand,
Palais, Goulzard, and rocky brow'd Souzan.—
Here Keppel (14) too, with Britains thunder shook,
The strong foundations of the hostile rock ;
Up the dread precipice the guns they drew.
And on the foe with dreadful fury flew :
Who struck with fear at such a daring deed,
In rushing numbers o'er, the surface fled.
The Ushant Islands now upon our lee,
Lay scatter'd o'er the hyperborean sea.
The glimm'ring watch tow'r casts a feeble light,
And warns the danger of a wayward flight.
More to the eastward lies the town of Brest,
Where groves of shipping ever lie at rest.
They dread the heroes of the mighty deep,
Who strict blockadage everlasting keep,
Here to our joy our Nation's fleet we view,
Slow sailing on—we mingle with the crew.
Our gallant Chief enquires our long delay,
Swift, we recount th' adventures of th' day.

BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR. 111

ARRIVE IN ENGLAND.

While grateful ever, he admires our skill ;
O'er the charg'd bowl we count the numbers kill'd
Shew how the foe did scamper on the shore,
Start from our seats, and with a bois'trous roar.
We mimic those proud Gauls who frighted ran :
While bursts of laughter spread from rear to van.
Now England's shore our longing eyes descry,
Our Native land—joy sparkles in our eye.
Each warrior's heart beats at the blessed sight.
Where friends will hail him from the glorious fight.
Our spirits dance as we the spires survey,
And ev'ry panting frame dissolves away.—
To Plymouth's strand our lofty vessels bore,
While shouting crowds did blacken all the shore.
Unnumber'd heads alone our eyes descry ;
Thousands of mouths wide gaping, rend the sky.
From east to west they pour and thicken round ; }
While admiration echoes with a bound, }
From ev'ry side bursts of applause resound. }

 CONCLUSION.

So roar'd the Trojans in loud valor's theme,
 When Hector's sword thro' hosts of foes did gleam
 When his huge arm at ev'ry sounding stroke,
 Whole troops of heroes to the centre broke.—
 The aged sire now for his son inquires,
 And asks, if he survives th' immortal fires,
 He bravely fell!—the warriors quick reply'd.
 Ye pow'rs I thank you!—then the father cried,
 He with the hero of Trafalgar died!—
 Next see the widow come with panting breath,
 And ask if Edward scap'd the jaws of death.
 No! no! he fell!—greet's her aspiring ears;
 And now a glorious palm the hero wears:
 Bravely he fought and crown'd with triumph died
 Cover'd with wounds, and hemm'd on ev'ry side.
 Thanks to great Jove she then triumphing cried,
 He with the hero of Trafalgar died!—

Brave Nelson's character supremely bright.
 Shines in full lustre with a piercing light.

CONCLUSION.

The mighty Nile has heard his cannon roar,
 Here Copenhagen, there the Gallic shore.
 Corsica's plains, and Cape St. Vincent's height,
 Bear ample prowess to his pow'ful might.
 The Danes sore felt his dread chastizing hand,
 His thundering cannon shook their northern land.
 His name was cloth'd with terror at the last,
 And swept the seas like a tremendous blast.
 If the proud foe perceiv'd his flag appear,
 They'd spread their canvas wings with trembling fear
 Fly to their ports impetuous o'er the deep,
 And from behind their lofty bulwarks peep.
 As when a herd of beasts the forest bound,
 Wanton they play, and joyful skip around.
 Now here, now there, around the trees they fly.
 Then tumble on the ground, and spraw'ling lie,
 At length the furious Lion spies the brood.
 Darting his fiery eyes in angry mood:
 All terrified each flies wit' grov'ling fear,
 While the fierce foe hangs on their scatter'd rear.

 CONCLUSION.

Hawke, and Boscawen shone a while before,
 Unlaurell'd now, their valor shines no more.—
 All, all give way, and own superior worth,
 Courage and fame, attendants on his birth.—
 Three glorious wounds the noble Nelson wore,
 "The ghastly wounds he for his country bore"
 With him there fled the greatest, noblest part.
 That ever warm'd a British seaman's heart.
 Long will his country, his great worth revere,
 Long to his memory fresh laurels rear,
 And ev'ry generous Briton pay A TEAR!—

END OF THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.



MISCELLANEOUS
POEMS.



POEMS.

ON THE

PERCY FAMILY.

AWAY! ye sordid, gold corrupted minds,
Whom sacred Friendship never, never binds;
Ye selfish flatterers of the Rich and Great,
Ye mean besetters of the high-arch'd gate;
Let not the Muse for selfish profit sing,
Nor for base int'rest tune the vocal string:
No! let her rise at noble Freedom's call,
Spread out her tow'ring wing, and leap the gilded wall.

Oh! genius of the fam'd Northumbrian land;
Ye northern spirits rouse your joyful band:
Invok'd by me, Oh! Coquet roll thy tide,
With tuneful murmur from the mountain side.

ON THE PERCY FAMILY.

Ye pleasing dales, and woodlands on her brow.
List to the strain! a strain that flows for you.
Rise!—burst your echoes to the Percy name,
Than whom, a nobler race, was never known by fame.

Search hist'ry's page; ye truth devoted few,
Who pierce all narratives to find the true;
There admiration at their ancient rise.
Will fill your souls, and clear the doubtful eyes,
From step, to step pursue each gallant Chief,
Ransack old Time, and turn th' eventual leaf.
See! gallant Hotspur like great Ajax stride
O'er mighty hills of slain, and hurl the reeking tide.

Where Coquet rolls her floods in winding dale
And murm'ring rushes thro the frightful vale;
A Castle (1) stands, whose spires with rising height,
O'ertop the plains, and shade the gloom of night;
Tho' sore decay'd, yet with majestic pride,
The structure overlooks the northern tide

ON THE PERCY FAMILY.

The wintry blast with hollow, moaning sound,
Sings thro' the walls, and darts a ghastly chorus round.

Here our great Chiefs in bloody, martial rage,
Repell'd the foe, and scour'd the hostile stage;
Here noble Hotspur, in bold Freedom's cause,
Oft sat in state, and reap'd well earn'd applause.
Fierce Caledonia, at his presence flew,
In trembling bands, and brush'd the morning dew
Her bravest sons laid low by Percy's hand,
Bit the black earth, and strew'd th' hyperborean land.

Shrewsb'ry's cold plain receiv'd his last warm sigh
Where heaps of slain rose to the low'ring sky;
Oppress'd with multitudes he bravely fell,
While martial shouts toll'd out his funeral knell.
The valiant Sire, stung with keen edged woe,
Wept with sad anguish at the dreadful blow.
Northumbria groan'd at her great Chieftain's flight
Hills! dales! woods! rivers! sound his overbearing might.

 ON THE PERCY FAMILY.

The aged Sire unable to sustain
 The Royal wrath, or keep the hostile plain,
 To Warkworth's tow'rs for hasty succour flies,
 And on their strength, alone the Earl relies.—
 The Victors downward on Northumbria's plains,
 Rush like the torrent, swell'd with wintry rains;
 The lofty walls the furious veteran's sweep,
 Crush down the gates, and hurl the fragments down
 the steep.

These holds (2) reduc'd; were held by force awhile
 'Till civil Strife was banish'd from the Isle;
 Bright Unity proclaim'd her joyful sway,
 And Hate, and Discord fled with strides away.
 The Percy force renown'd in valor's name,
 Thro' broke by numbers, yet preserv'd it's fame;
 Restor'd to all the Chiefs again entwine
 Their noble laurels with the gallant British Line.

ON THE PERCY FAMILY.

Warkworth still flourish'd, and for strength renown'd
The plund'ring Scots can tell the warmth they found,
These rude barbarians hurling o'er the land,
Found here a barrier, and a stedfast band ;
All disappointed of their southern prey,
They curs'd the place, and northward march'd away
But Jove all righteous, scourg'd this civil guile,
And pour'd one heart, one soul to guard the British Isle.

Oh ! blessed peace, fair goddess, heav'nly born,
Still shed thy beams, and light each glorious morn,
Make all our hearts and minds one common soul,
One rage to move, and animate the whole :
Thus fetter'd, we each tyrant will despise,
And France in vain shall growl with threat'ning eyes,
In vain the great Usurper shakes his spear,
Northumbria, and her Chiefs, despise cold hearted fear.

Now while no civil Strife tears up our land,
Arts, Sciences flourish ; Commerce waves her wand

ON THE PERCY FAMILY.

The poor are bless'd, and Agriculture grows,
He reaps the harvest, who the harvest sows ;
Our Northern Chief, thus like the lamp of day,
Gives life, and vigour with his smiling ray ;
Northumbria's sons shall sound their Chieftain's tale
And "may he ever live" resounds from hill and dale.



OCCASIONAL ELEGY.

IMMORTAL honour to the truly brave!
Resounds from harps, by patriot fame upborne:
Tho' drench'd they lie in Ocean's darken'd wave!
Yet Immortality shall spread the morn!

Tho' seas of water o'er your bodies fly!
Tho' the dark caves of ocean hide the brave,
Yet heav'nly beams shot forth from yonder sky,
Shall dart beneath yon curling, hoary wave.

The lofty dame in godlike form array'd,
Treads o'er the billows on Trafalgar's shore,
See ocean gape before the wond'rous maid!
See the lost heroes by her arm upbore!

The wond'ring swains, transfix'd in dire amaze,
View the lost heroes float above the hoar!

OCCASIONAL ELEGY.

View the bright beams of glory's piercing rays,
Gild the lov'd heroes on a glorious shore.

No more Oblivion's envious jetty wing,
Shall o'er the warriors spread a gloomy shade!
But immortality shall ever sing,
The glorious actions of the truly brave.

Next gallant chief! tho' marble tow'rs above,
Thy clay-cold brow, with blooming laurels bound!
Yet the bright Nine enclos'd with beams of love,
Thy glorious deeds round Albion's shore shall sound.

In each warm breast they dart the visual ray.
Pluck'd from the wings of Jove's bright bird in heav'n
In each lov'd bosom beats the patriot blaze,
In piercing rays from glory's orbit giv'n.

As each brave tar roves by Trafalgar's shore,
His gallant soul shall swell with patriot fire!

OCCASIONAL ELEGY.

And cry " where yonder billows foaming roar,
" I saw the hero wrapt in flames, expire!

" Saw vict'ry as he fell, with smiling look,
" Round his pale brow the sacred wreath entwine,
" Saw the mad ocean with loud terror struck,
" And beaming glories round his forehead shine."

Ye dames of England! weep for Nelson dead! ;
Let the sad crape wave o'er your downcast brow!
Let mourning weeds, fly round your weeping head,
For the great man who shed his blood for you.

In him a father, brother, kinsman died!
In him Britannia's glory fades in bloom;
His naval thunder roam'd the wat'ry wide,
And spread in quickning terror thro' the gloom.

No more his foes with shiv'ring horror hear,
His deep mouth'd cannon raze their rocky shore;

OCCASIONAL ELEGY.

No more their fleets shall fly with trembling fear,
And seek for safety from his angry roar.

Unheard by him, the flaming squadrons meet,
And rend heav'ns concave with a bursting cry,
Unheard by him shall thunder tear the fleet,
And throngs of warriors in one carnage lie.

Unheard by him, the sweeping winds may blow,
And the rude ocean roll in horrid heaps!
Unseen by him, the reeking gore may flow,
And stain the surface of the whit'ning deeps.

Adieu brave chief! thy country grateful rears,
Immortal monuments to bear thy name;
Which round whole ages of revolving years,
Shall shew posterity immortal fame.

THE
APPROACH OF WINTER.

“ This ends the race of feeble man below.”

Now dreary Winter doth approach,
Clad in a sullen shade ;
The leaves fly from the stately oak,
And herbs and flowrets fade.

The Red-breast careful of the storm,
Now near the cottage flies ;
By nat’ral instinct warn’d away,
To shun the ghastly skies.

The feather’d race of ev’ry tribe,
Resort in thick’ned flocks ;
The lambkin on the mountain’s brow,
Retreats beneath the rocks.

THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

The leafless shrubs, and bare worn fields,
Cast round a doleful shade,
And shew the man of thoughtful mind,
That we like them must fade.

Thus when life's winter doth approach,
Man droops and fades away ;
All bare his trunk exposed lies,
A lump of half-warm clay.

His wrinkled body doth disclose,
The marks of time, and care ;
Which he, when in his earthly prime,
Had borne a weighty share.

Then let us like the lab'ring ant,
In youthful bloom apply ;
That when life's winter strikes us down,
Our store may bear us to the sky.

LAVINIA,
OR THE TEMPEST.

*The beating seas with mournful roar
Re-murmur all along the shore!—*

THE day was o'er, the skies grew black,
Fast flew the wind and rain,
The aged elms with fury crack ;
Swift roll'd the troubled main.

Beneath a haw-thorn's spreading shade,
Eliza fair reclin'd,
She view'd the ocean's bellowing rage,
Upheaved by the wind.

The thunder roll'd, o'er heav'ns concave,
The flashes swiftly fly,
They glance obliquely on the wave,
And lighten all the sky.

LAVINIA, OR THE TEMPEST.

The heavy blast in mournful strain,
Sung thro' the ruined dome;
The wilder'd traveller on the plain,
No more will view his home.

In vain the wand'rer of the deep,
Eyes the far distant shore!
In vain his weary eyes do weep:
Eyes that will view no more.

With pitying look, Eliza cry'd,
As she survey'd the waves;
Oh! calm the fury of the tides,
Ye pow'rs: above that save.

Send comfort, oh! one feeble ray,
To cheer the seaman's heart:
Oh! blessed author of the day,
Guide to some friendly port.

LAVINIA, OR THE TEMPEST.

Just as she spoke, upon the shore,
Lavinia fair did roam:
Oh spare my lover, spare once more,
Thus ran her piteous moan.

Oh! Edward dearer to my breast,
Than gold, or precious store:
Canst thou survive this angry blast?
And gain the wish'd for shore?

Oh! Ocean, cease thy death-like frowns,
Oh! cease thy angry roar?
With lesser fury, oh! resound,
And tranquil beat the shore:

The waves disdain to hear her cry,
More furious beat the tide,
The mounting billows reach the sky,
And scatter far and wide:

LAVINIA, OR THE TEMPEST.

Scarce had she spoke, a bursting cry,

Spread all along the gloom;

A vessel on the surge doth fly,

The sailors view their doom.

Lavinia trembling at the sight,

Near to the margin drew;

Her swimming eyes with dire affright,

Start backward from the view.

Her piercing looks she darts on high,

Her bended knees implore,

The heav'ns for succour from the skies;

The heav'ns will hear no more.

Her wretched lover on the poop,

All longing eyes the strand;

Devoid of ev'ry ray of hope,

To light him to the land.

LAVINIA, OR THE TEMPEST.

While the sad crew, with piercing cries,
For help in vain implore ;
Along the gloom the echo flies ;
And murmurs on the shore.

The hardest heart at such a sight,
Would have absolv'd away ;
The savage mov'd with pity bright,
Would dart the kindling ray.

Oh! pow'rs above : Eliza cried,
Preserve the hapless crew ;
Send comfort to the grief-struck maid,
And them from death rescue.

A giant wave, a monstrous height,
Bursts on the quiv'ring deck ;
The sides fly open with the weight,
On all sides spreads the wreck.

LAVINIA, OR THE TEMPEST.

Ah! never, never I will again,
The youth his virgin see ;
O'erwhelm'd into the raging main,
Entomb'd within the sea.

The grief-struck maid, all speechless stood,
And heard her lover's cries ;
Then turning to the gaping flood,
Among the surf she flies.

The sea receives the beautiful wight,
With many a murm'ring roar ;
She sinks to everlasting night,
And mem'ry views no more.



THE
ASS IN A LION'S SKIN.

A FABLE.

AN Ass, who long had scour'd the plain,
Sought for a safe retreat in vain:
Stern bondage long the beast had borne,
Hard toiling from the eve to morn.
Scorn'd was his wrath, despis'd his age,
And on the ground he spent his rage.
Hounds, horses, sheep, assert their reign,
And toss him scornful from the plain.
Resolv'd to bear these ills no longer,
Ills thrown on weaker by the stronger;
One morn he stole a Lion's hide,
The tyrant of the pathless wide;
He clothes himself, then all array'd;
Forth to the plain he furious stray'd;

THE ASS IN A LION'S SKIN.

The horses first perceive the Sire,
Whose eyeballs shot indignant fire ;
Trembling, they spurn'd the ground, and flew,
Like Indian dart, from Indian bow.
The hounds, the victor next drew nigh,
Who scour'd away with howling cry !
Next, his own tribe the monster tries,
Wide gaping all, they rend the skies !
Then wheeling round he beast to shun,
East, west, north, south, the creatures run.
The great deceiver proudly eyed,
Th' unpeopled plain extended wide :
Lord of the whole, he frisks away
The conquerer of the joyful day !—
But ah ! behold his master come,
He sees the beast, and flies his doom.
The ass self taught, assails his master,
But ushers in a sad disaster !
His lengthen'd ears bar'd in the chace,
Discover'd whence his piteous race.

 THE ASS IN A LION'S SKIN.

The master saw, and by his side,
 With sounding cudgel ply'd his hide ;
 Then strip'd him of the noble skin,
 And back to bondage—led him in.—

All false pretenders to religion,
 Who sigh, and groan with deep contrition,
 Who act the hypocritic part,
 And hide the baseness of the heart :
 Who publicly as saints appear ;
 A Lion's skin these creatures wear !—
 The race of Quacks who range the nation,
 As surgeons of denomination,
 Who poison, cheat, and stab, and kill,
 With sword, and dagger, box, and pill !—
 These men, with all their traps and gins,
 Are asses clad in Lion's Skins !—

Those grave pretenders to the arts,
 Who mimic—snap—and shew their parts,

THE ASS IN A LION'S SKIN.

Who solve a problem to a clown,
And chatter Latin to a fool !
Those men I say in all their pride,
Are asses clad in LION'S HIDE !—



PART OF THE
FIFTY FIFTH CHAPTER OF ISAIAH.
PARAPHRASED.

WHEN Israel's God from realms above,
Inspir'd the prophet's tongue ;
He taught the wonders of his love ;
And spoke of joys to come.

As the wide heav'ns immensely rais'd,
Above the earth roll round ;
So high aloft, my thoughts, and ways,
From man's below are found:

For as the snow, and gentle rain,
Descend in show'rs from heav'n ;
And turn not thitherward again,
A cup of blessings giv'n!

PART OF ISAIAH PARAPHRASED.

But water the dry, thirsty ground,
And make the flow'rs to spring ;
Dispersing plenty all around,
While hills and vallies sing.

So shall the word sent from my mouth,
Not void return again ;
But it shall execute with truth,
The pleasures of my reign.

For ye with Joy, shall wander forth,
And Peace shall lead your way ;
While songs echo'd to you from earth,
Shall plant the heavenly sway !

The hills, and mountains unto you,
Shall burst with songs around ;
The forest trees with loaded bough,
For you shall spread the ground.

PART OF ISAIAH PARAPHRASED,

Instead of thorns, shall fir trees rise,
And myrtle spring, for briar ;
All scatt'ring plenty to the skies,
And kindling Nature's fire !

This to the Lord shall be a name ;
An everlasting sign ;
The blessings of Jehovah's reign,
The work of hands divine !



Printed and Published by G. B. Whittell, No. 10, South Street, New York.

LINES SENT BACK WITH THE
ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS.

TO MR. ———

THEMACHUS; thy virtues shine,
With radiant beams of light divine ;
Thy filial care attracts all eyes,
And draws down Glory from the skies :
E, while I read, am wrapt with fire,
My soul bounds to the vocal lyre ;
My senses wrapt in headlong flame,
Burst terrible, and shake my frame,
My Spirit longs to mount above,
The hackney'd strain ;—and spring to Jove,
Wrapt in oblivious shade: I go
With curs'd fault'ring step below :
In vain great Homer to my sight,
Points to the never-fading light ;
In vain the Muses hover o'er,

LINES SENT TO MR. ———.

and visit cold Northumbria's shore ;
in vain Fame's Temple near yon sky,
shines on my sight—and dims the eye ;
When Luxury and damned Pride,
trample down Science, and all Worth beside.



AN ACROSTIC.

WILL Scandal never cease her reign?
And Rancour fly the rural plain?
Return Oh! Peace, and bless our Isle;
Kindle soft friendship's gen'rous smile.
Will Strife still round the cottages fly?
Oh! will her vot'ries never die?
Rancour replies;—no never more,
True peace shall shine upon your shore,
Hate, damned hate shall spread your soil with gore.



ON DEATH.

*Death's fatal stroke no mortal can withstand,
None can elude or stay the tyrant's hand.*

RURAL CHRISTIAN.

DEATH!—awful word—the refuge of the brave
Borne down with many and unnumber'd woes.
The miser's terror!—sever'd by that fiend
From his soul's food, his all-enchanting ore!
The poor and honest man oppress'd with care,
And driv'n by tyrant greatness to the seats
Of poverty and want, and fell despair;
Seeks in thy grasp a refuge from his woe;
And waits impatiently thy sweet approach.
Not so the man plung'd in the lake of pleasure;
Who swims and revels on the gaudy surface,
And hunts at happiness—which flies before,
And shuns his quickest grasp. As when the swallow
In summer ev'ning—spies a gaudy fly.

ON DEATH.

Skim in the air: with a tremendous bound
He catches at his prey—it flies before,
And turns and winds in many an airy track,
Quick he pursues; now east, now west he turns
His clashing pinions shaking at the breeze;
And lashing the rude zephyrs all aside.
When sure of the wish'd prey, and close behind,
Anon a falcon darting headlong down,
Springs at the bird with a tremendous bound,
Who all unable to resist his course,
Flies headlong in the jaws of his devourer,
And vanishes for ever.

Such is the end of those who hunt for joy:
Thus ghastly, thus doth death devour his prey.
At the least rumour of his dread approach,
The silken sons of pleasure quake with horror
And tremble ghastly at the phantom's glare.
Happy are they who calm observe him come,
Who all unruffled wait his dire approach,
And fall unshaken on the tyrant's spear.

ON DEATH.

Death is a kind of painful transformation,
Like that which reptiles ever undergo !
Who crawl obsequious, worthless here below,
Unknowing of their glorions life to come :
Then when stern winter hurls the northern sky
And shakes the leaves all quiv'ring, from the oak
The race retreat—and in a cell, or cave,
Hang to the roof, and wait the op'ning year ;
There fix'd remain, dead to themselves and all ;
The shell their coffin, and the wall their tomb
But when the flow'rs shoot forth in all their bloom
Mark the great change, the reptile bursts his tomb,
Clad in new habit, of a glorious guise,
His shining plumage dazzles to the skies,
And while he gazes joyful to and fro,
He soars aloft, and looks with scorn below.
Such must our fate—such our Creator's doom ;
To live, to die, and fill the wintry tomb ;
And when the sound of great Archangel flies,
We burst the barriers, and we mount the skies.

ON SEEING

A DEAD BODY.

How awful Death to us doth shew !
How striking is the ghastly view !
Pale the cold cheek—and clos'd the weary eyes
No more to view earth's sea, and air, and skies !
The still cold lips—there quiver now no more,
The tongue all silent lies ; its motions o'er :
The heaving breast, once beating to the gale :
Moves now no more ; its pow'rs of action fail.
The whole presents, how worthless man appears
When Vanity, and Pride, have run their course of years
A mass of matter, doom'd to droop and fade :
And nought remaining but an empty shade.



ON SOLITUDE.



THE blessings of Solitude may,
Appear to the view to be fine ;
But experience convinces the sage,
That the joys of Society shine,
Novel life for a while may attract,
And the mountains look pleasing and gay ;
But acquaintance will foster up griefs,
And their pleasures will die in a day,

The fall of the water at noon,
May melodiously sound to the mind ;
The echo may ravish the sense,
But these pleasures will vanish to wind .
The trees all romantic, may cast
A beautiful shade to the sky ;
The arbour may tempt to delight,
But swiftly contentment will fly,

ON SOLITUDE.

Then stick to Society's trunk,
Like a branch of that happier tree ;
Fulfil the great end of your birth,
And the dull clouds of langour will flee !—



ON THE
BATTLE OF BUSACO.
LATELY GAINED BY
LORD WELLINGTON,
OVER MESSINA, GENERALASSIMO OF THE FRENCH
FORCES.

SOUND thro' Britannia's Isle the victor cry,
" The tyrant's boasted troops are forc'd to fly !"
Oh ! Portugal ! thy sons in daily might,
Behold the warlike Britons as they fight :
Tutor'd by them ; their bright'ning souls shall know
The patriot flame and learn to scorn the foe.
Long have thy sons Oh ! Portugal, remain'd
Unguarded—fearful of the hostile plain,
But now by Britons tutor'd to the day ;
All dastard thoughts the winds shall sweep away.
Instead of shrinking at the voice of war,
Hurl'd echoing from the mountain top afar ;

THE BATTLE OF BUSACO.

Instead of trembling at the Monster's ire,
Who darts revengeful the all scorching fire ;
See ! see ! behold them scale the mountain brow,
Rush to the fight, and spurn the earth below.—
Messina routed ! what, that fiend of hell,
Forc'd to retreat, and seek the friendly cell !
Those dread o'erbearing pow'rs and sons of war,
Who hurl'd dread terror from the hills afar ;
Before whom Europe groan'd with dire affright,
And States, and Armies sunk in endless night.—
Before whom Russia's sons bestrew'd the plain,
And German streams were dam'd with thousands slain.
Before whom Prussia ceas'd to be no more,
And Italy's proud plains were wash'd with gore :
Those, dread invulnerable, steel brow'd souls,
Beat by the Britons to their caves and holes ;
Rise ! rise ! historians—snatch your pens and write.
Thus fought the British ; thus they gain'd the fight,
While sage experience, shows amidst th' alarms,
Before we yield we'll meet the World in arms.

THE
SPANIARD'S COMPLAINT

IN IMITATION OF BEATTIE'S HERMIT.

Great is the Injury and long the Tale.

VIRGIL'S ENEAS.

“AT the close of the day when the hamlet was still,
And nature's restorer stole softly around ;
“ When nought but the trumpet was heard from the”
hill,

And silence was broke by the cannon's shrill sound
To a neighbouring woodland distracted I stole,
Methought that the stars looked dim in their sphere,
And the pale regent moon in her orbit that roll'd,
Seem'd in lustre to fade.—all Nature did fear.
Now Silence her empire again spread around,
While sterner distress o'er my mind did preside,
I cursed my lot, with my foot smote the ground.

U

 THE SPANIARD'S COMPLAINT.

And thought Heav'n unjust when such baseness
and pride

Were suff' red to tyrannize over the world!—

Will War that stern Tyrant ne'er cease to preside;

While mis'ry and ruin, around him, are hur'd?

And woe doth o'erflow the whole land like a tide:

Will Peace her blest standard again ne'er display?

Here massacr'd thousands lie heap'd on the plain,

In the hot battle's rage that have fallen a prey,

Here scatter'd around us see fragments of slain,

Whose bosoms with love of their country did
burn;

Their partners of life—and their pledges of love,

In vain shall await their expected return;

In vain shall they cry to woods mountains and
groves;

And in vain to Omnipotent mercy complain'd;

They are gone whom they seek, like a tale that is
told.—

Here also the lover, whose bosom was chain'd,

With love's softer passion that melted his soul,

THE SPANIARD'S COMPLAINT.

In vain—without hope may the gentle maid weep,
From hill, and from valley she ceaseless may roam
While o'er her soft frame stern diseases shall creep,
And the victim so lovely descend to the tomb,
Here the hope of the father alas! is no more,
Whose gray hairs with woe shall descend to the grave,
His only young son here lies dy'd in his gore,
Defending the cottage that he could not save.
Will heav'n such massacres suffer to be?
And not put a stop to this wide-wasting war,
Can her sacred justice such outrages see?
And not order such ruin—retire to afar.
“ Ah! why thus abandon'd to darkness and woe,
Why thus my dear Country dost thou still remain
A prey to the tyrants? thy blood it does flow,
And is equally shed on the hill and the plain.
“ I mourn!—but ye woodlands I mourn not for you,”
For morn is approaching your bloom to restore,
“ Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glitt'ring
with dew.”
But Peace with her standard will rule here no more.

THE SPANIARD'S COMPLAINT.

“For you I'll not mourn when the winter appears,
The spring opens forth and renews your sweet charms,
But when will Peace spring with the opening year?
Oh! when will she chase hence these martial alarms?
The sun will appear, and this darkness dispel,
With the glorious morn, and the order renew,
But when will peace rise all this ruin to quell?
And shed her blest influence round like the dew.
As thus I was wailing my Country's sad fate,
A voice from above darted into my soul:
Vain mortal! give o'er, nor bewail thy sad state?
Thou Providence's ways, can'st but see as the mole.
Presumptuous man! dost thou question the ways,
Of heavenly mercy, and rail against him,
Whom thou shouldst adore with worship and praise?
Listen here! and I'll clear up thy sight that's so dim,
Thy Country has long near the empire of Gaul,
Been forced to stoop to her conquering pride;
Sacrifices you made, as the dangers did fall;
And by treaties prevented the threatening tide.—

THE SPANIARD'S COMPLAINT.

race flourish'd ; and Spain did indolently reap
 while Luxury sway'd the Grenadian shore ;
 and she by this Tyrant not rous'd from her sleep,
 the whole Peninsula had breathed no more !
 Men quickly rouse up ! pray the Lord to remove
 the Corsican's wrath from your ruinous Land,
 lest annihilated you find not his love,
 and your race be no more by the plunderer's hand !
 When 'gainst Heav'n's Providence ne'er more complain
 and let your loud tongue such blasphemy give o'er,
 retire to your cottage, admonish the swains,
 and united endeavour to guard the sad shore.



THE
SUNDAY'S EXCURSION.

OR, A
TRIP TO COQUET ISLAND.

"Add weight to Trifles."

WHERE Coquet tranquil glides
Her waters to the heaving tides ;
A little Island marks the shore ;—
Her barren surface beast and birds supply,
Those skim the ground, and these mount to the sky,
While round the spot the waters roar,
And seem each time with gaping sound,
To sink her near her parent ground.

A weed the rocks supply,
Which once a year they (1) burn and dry,
A ruinous building on the ground,

THE SUNDAY'S EXCURSION.

Rears its rough turrets o'er the swelling deep,
 And tranquil views the waters as they sweep.
 It's ancient gothic structure round.
 Seeming each time with gaping roar,
 To sink it on it's parent shore!—

 Long since, in days of old,
 As ancient stories oft have told ;
 A race of Friars held the dome :
 Stern virtue was their hermit-bearing god,
 And silent, all bent to Religion's nod ;
 While round them the rough billows roam'd
 And seem'd each hour with horrid sound,
 To whelm them near their parent ground.—

I curious to see,
 This little Island in the sea :
 Myself with males, and females too.
 One Sunday morn the winds being sunk in sleep,
 Embark'd—resolv'd to brave th' inconstant deep ;
 This dear, dear little Isle to view,

THE SUNDAY'S EXCURSION.

And as the bending oars resound,
Our vessel thro' the surge doth bound.

The River mouth we gain,
From whence we view the troubled main,
The swelling breakers seem'd to fly ;
And loud debates, and mingled discords rise,
Some fear the danger—others fear despise,
And dare the wrath of all the sky ;
While ever and anon the oar,
Pulls forth the vessel from the shore.

Too dear our lives to pay,
For transient glimpse of pleasure's ray,
We weigh the doubtful enterprize :
Some so declaim'd against a coward's mind,
Asham'd !—we gave all fear unto the wind,
And dar'd the angel of the skies :
While round the clanking levers sweep,
And hurl the vessel o'er the deep.

THE SUNDAY'S EXCURSION.

The bar we swiftly win,
 Where the broad-swelling seas begin;
 The boat uplifted on the wave,
 Down, thunders down into the vale below,
 Again we mount—again the surges flow,
 Threat'ning our little bark to stave,
 While ever, and anon the oar
 Shoots forth the vessel from the shore.

One of these seas to burst,
 Had made our stubborn fate accurst,
 And doom'd us wretched, and forlorn,
 Far from the light, within the Stygian cave,
 To mourn incessantly our timeless grave.

But from the bright æthereal morn:
 There ever, ever doom'd to mourn,
 The days that never would return.

Alas our boast-rous crew,
 The Pans (2) begin to disappear.

THE SUNDAY'S EXCURSION.

The broken structure strews the shore ;
And shews the trav'ler that all things must fade,
Decrease, and wither to an empty shade.—

A prey to winds and seas that roar,
And as the time-worn arch we eye,
Swift rushing o'er the deeps we fly.—

The presence of the fair
Our melancholy spirits cheer :
We boldly sweep along the sea,
And near the island draw towards the shore,
A creek we spy—our boat we push before
Glad from the surge behind to flee !
And as the keel divides the sand,
We spring all joyful on the strand.

Upon the sickly grass,
We taste a short, but keen repast,
And then explore the Island round,

THE SUNDAY'S EXCURSION.

The tim'rous natives as we scour the shore,
In scatter'd droves fly to their caves before,
 With many a fleet and trembling bound.
While o'er the surface as we fly,
The fowls burst forth in mournful cry.

 Upon the eastern side,
 Three seals, their heads rear o'er the tide;
 We contemplate the monster brood:
The secrets of the deep, none can explore,
Where dark oblivion waves her sceptre o'er.
 And hangs her veil upon the flood,
 And as the ruthless race we eye,
 Down flashing in the deeps they fly.

 But lo! the king appears
 A frowning look his highness wears,
 His subjects as he marches o'er,
Fly all away, and seek the friendly cave,
So much they dread the presence of the brave,
 Sublimely marching on the shore:

THE SUNDAY'S EXCURSION.

And as he draws our persons near
We contemplate his message here.

His high blown cheeks to view,
Glow with a bacchanalian hue ;
Empurpled by the jolly God :
His broad brimm'd hat like Saturn's circling ring ;
Revolves around his head with annual swing.
Enforcing subject pow'rs to nod.
And as he comes with martial gait
We arm, and stand our doubtful fate.

Who !—with a rage he cried,
Who ! who are these that cross the tide.
My helpless subjects thus to kill :
Rapacious dogs, come from some neighb'ring shore,
To rob and steal, and bear their plunder o'er,
Their hungry, starved realms to fill !
But by the guardians of our isle,
Those mouths of theirs no more shall smile.

THE SUNDAY'S EXCURSION.

His throat had utter'd more,
But Neptune stopp'd his blust'ring roar,
Else had a furious fight begun,
And sweeping war destructive hurl'd around,
The quiv'ring natives on the sea-beat ground,
Their last sad hours of fate outrun.
And as he marches from our view,
Along the shore again we flew.—

One of our daring band
Surpris'd a native on the strand,
And grasp'd it's tender frame so sore ;
He snapt the bone, barbarian that he was,
Exulting to, and trampling on the laws,
Regardless of the hostile shore.
And as the victim spurns the ground,
It rolls impetuous round and round.

Two of our boldest crew ;
Push'd off the bark to seaward flew.
Intent to sail around the Isle :

 THE SUNDAY'S EXCURSION.

But Neptune rising from his oozy cave,
 With rage beheld, and this command he gave :
 Rise up ! ye sleeping waves awhile,
 And as these mortals cheerful row,
 Swift strike them in the flood below !

 They gain the eastern side, •
 And hurl the boat along the tide ;
 Regardless of the danger round ;
 But on them with a dread, terrific rise,
 A wave uprolls, and points unto the skies
 Re-bellowing with a ghastly sound.
 And as the surge curls o'er and o'er,
 It hurls impetuous on the shore !

 There with a furious bound,
 It whirls the vessel round and round,
 Before the surge she rapid flies !
 Impetuous on the dreary looking shore ;
 And but for Jove they'd view'd their homes no more
 Who eyed them from the lofty skies !

THE SUNDAY'S EXCURSION.

And as the God (3) tremendous stood,
 He fix'd him quiv'ring on the flood !—

Death's form appals the brave,
 With eyes aghast they view'd the wave,
 Self preservation added wings ;
 Each nerve they strain, and ev'ry ear they ply,
 Push from the rocky shore, and seaward fly,
 Regain the creek, and row within.
 And as the keel mounts on the strand,
 They thank great Jove, and bless the land .

Now all embark'd again,
 We shoot across the smoother main.
 And leave behind the less'ning shore.--
 Near, to the north, a boat a head we view,
 Straight to the Isle the prow directed flew,
 Shooting the mounting seas before ;
 And as the bending oars resound,
 Our vessel thro' the surf doth bound.

THE SUNDAY'S EXCURSION.

We gain our Native shore,
And curse th' inconstant floods no more!
Dear Native land! our parent soil!
The seaman when long absent from thy shore,
Eyes thee again—his cheeks with tears run o'er,
Forgetting all his wearied toil!
And as the prow strikes on the sand,
We leap, exulting on the land!—



THE
HERMIT
OF THE FOREST.

I WAS night when the hermit addressed the
youth,

Who had in the wilds lost his way:

Hear up my son, ne'er be a stranger to truth,

For ever let falsehood e'er drop from your mouth,

For from virtue's paths e'er go astray.

Like you I was young; like the lion was bold;

And outstripp'd all the youths on the plain;

When an artful fair one of my heart got a hold,

And almost pluck'd from me my jewels and gold,

By her cunning she so on me gain'd.

The time being fixed—and the marriage knot ty'd,

Was as happy as mortal could be;

THE HERMIT OF THE FOREST.

Till my partner of life grew so dissatisfied,
That one night as the darkness spread over the tide,
She was seen from the garden to flee.

I took the alarm—and with frenzy I found
The whole of my gems were no more ;
Enrag'd I flew after, with swift winged bound ;
When with horror I heard a huge vessel resound
On the swell of the murmuring shore.

I found from report that a foe to our name,
Whose avarice swayed his mind,
Had seduced her soul—who contemptuous of shame
Had followed the fate of the perjured Thane,
And entrusted the water and wind.

So stung to the heart at these treacherous deeds
My goods, and possessions I sold,
And quick from this garden of poisonous weeds,

THE HERMIT OF THE FOREST.

I hasted my way ; left the houses and meads,
That I hop'd to possess when grown old;

To this solitude here I retreated with haste,
From the sight of such baseness and pride ;
Here will I remain till my body doth waste ;
Here I scorn all the sex, and you, if you are chaste,
Will banish them all from your side.

Your behaviour, your words, and your actions de-
clare,

That some one has got hold of your heart ;
But banish such passions, give them to the air ;
And spurn all the sex, nor e'er 'gain so bare,
Lie expos'd to their wiles and their arts !

I hope father 'tis partial, the Youth then did say,
The view of the sex you have ta'en ;
I wish only that one of them trav'ling this way,
By her virtuous actions as bright as the day,
May convince you to man they're no bane !

THE HERMIT OF THE FOREST.

Here a shriek from the wood, terrified they did hear,
The hermit his lamp then did light,
The Youth drew his sword as disdainful to fear,
While the sage in a whisper advis'd to forbear,
From the murdering ruffians of night!

“ At yonder great rock a banditti do dwell,
Who rob all that passes them by ;
Such blood thirsty fiends never evil befell
I've been almost nigh slain by these thieves I can tell
But on Providence I do rely !—

The Youth in impatience desired to haste,
And rescue the poor strangers from blood !
With courage he flew o'er the rocky sad waste,
And appear'd as the bravest was breathing his last,
Who long against numbers had stood !

Out flies his keen sabre, and on the curs'd race,
He flew like a falcon on high ;

THE HERMIT OF THE FOREST.

“ You murdering villains to Albert give place,
 Or prepare with my sabre's keen edge for to taste,
 The Death that awaits you so nigh !

His sword's reeking point stain'd with blood the
 black ground,
 And the ruffians retreated with fear !
 When the cries of a maid thro' the gloom did resound ;
 With hasty impatience he flew to the sound,
 Where the robbers her person did bear !

His keen sabre's point met the breast of the knight,
 Who bore the sad maid in his arms ;
 With a shriek he fell backward, his eyes clos'd in
 night,
 While bloody and doubtful appear'd the sad fight,
 And the wood rang with brazen alarms !

Next step'd up a chief, fierce, gigantic in size ;
 And his sword in the air whirl'd around :

THE HERMIT OF THE FOREST.

But Albert his courage, his fierceness defies,
While the blood in red fountains innumerable rise,
And besprinkle with crimson the ground!

The chief falling back, thunders on the stain'd ground
And the victor his wrath did restrain.
His cries pierce the forest with horrible sound,
While his life's blood fast flow'd from the ghastly
 sad wound,
And he breath'd out his last on the plain!

The ruffian's alarm'd, to the cave held their flight,
And the prey they forsook with a bound.
While Albert conveyed the maiden so bright,
She sigh'd for a valiant, a worthy brave knight,
Who was lost in the forests around.

Oh! heavens he exclaim'd—as he flew to her arms,
Do I thus Ethelinda review;
My bosom high beats with a lover's alarms

THE HERMIT OF THE FOREST.

And I thank that great Pow'r who amidst such sad
 harms,
Led me on to thy blessed rescue.

And is Albert then safe ! doth the dear Youth re-
 main,
To snatch me from horror and woe !
Was it you who so gallantly fought on the plain ?
Who drove thro' the heaps of the wounded and slain
And sav'd me from the hands of the foe ?

Then thus he enquired : are our servants no more ?
Doth not one of our followers remain ?
No ! no ! she replied, they lie welt'ring in gore ;
The shock of the host of yon villains they bore,
Who rapidly pour'd on the plain !

The hermit now drew from his rocky retreat, !
Where he anxiously viewed the fight !
With tumult, with passion, his bosom did beat,

THE HERMIT OF THE FOREST.

As he hasted the beautiful stranger to meet,
Who shone thro' the veil of the night !

Oh ! pity good father—she meltingly cry'd,
Lend assistance to Albert the brave !
Let your bosom with sympathy flow like the tide,
And let heavenly mercy around you preside ;
Oh ! rescue the poor knight from the grave

Then thus spoke the sage : the whole sex I abhor,
At their treach'ry my bosom rebounds,
Yet the kids of the forest do enter my door,
And repose undisturb'd on the adamant floor !
Secure from the rage of the hounds.

You're the first of the sex, ever found my retreat,
And the first that my pity hath mov'd ;
In spite of my hatred, my bosom doth beat,
And estranged emotions upon me do creep,
Which P hilosophers never could prove.

THE HERMIT OF THE FOREST.

I once had a child;—once the pride of my eye,
Once my joy, and my love, and delight:
The fair Ethelinda, each stranger could spy;
And their thoughts were all struck at the glance of
her eye,
But alas! she was stole in the night!

December's chill blast, beat the doors of the hall,
When she strayed away from the door!
O'er the mountainous waste blew the swift winged
squall,
When a small feeble voice, for assistance did call,
From the skirts of the Caledon shore.

With my sabre I flew, to rescue my dear-child,
But no sound struck the gloom of the night;
All silence and horror, breath'd over the wild,
While the heav'ns, the earth, and the seas I revild,
For not stopping the villain's in flight.—

THE HERMIT OF THE FOREST.

My father ! my father !—the maiden did cry,
While she swoon'd at the filial alarms :
The sage in astonishment look'd to the sky !
And in silent oblations, he prais'd the most high,
For directing his child to his arms.

Recovering, she cried : I remember the night,
When I roam'd on the adamant shore :
When the pirates did bear me away in affright,
To the shores of Britannia commenced their flight;
And our dwelling I never saw more.

In vain I resisted—my cries, and my tears,
Nought soften'd the hearts of the foe :
While to Britain our ship thro' the wat'ry waste
bears,
Oft I looked behind me—oft mutter'd my fears,
Caledonia no more shall I know.

THE HERMIT OF THE FOREST.

Long ! long ! had our vessel beat to the sad gale,
 Long ! long ! was the night, and the day ;
 When near Londinums spires we perceived a sail,
 Which approached so quick, that they all did bewail,
 Their fortune thus snatched away.

Our flight was in vain—and the combat began ;
 Darts, arrows, and bucklers resound !
 While the thundering strokes from the rear to the van,
 Shook the planks, and the timbers: the gore reeking
 ran,
 O'er the decks, and the bulwarks around !

The Britannic chief, fought so bold, and so brave ;
 That the pirates were forced to yield.
 'Twas Albert who fought, on the green mantled
 wave,
 'Twas he, who your child from the villains did save ;
 Whose protection did Ethelinda shield.

THE HERMIT OF THE FOREST.

In search for my father, we after did sail,
By the bounds of the Caledon main.
For your absence long since we did sorrowful wail,
While we searched each hill, and we searched each
dale,
And encounter'd the mountains, and plains.

'Till Providence led us unknown to your seat,
By those ruffians which set us upon :
Behold then my father the Britannic Chief,
Who rescu'd me from danger, rescu'd me from
death ;
And hath followed my fortunes alone.

Rise ! rise ! up my son ; cried the sage of the wood,
And my daughter receive from my hands ;
May providence, crown you with plenty, and love,
And may blessings unnumber'd your offspring e'er
prove,
And regain my ancestral lands !

THE HERMIT OF THE FOREST.

Thus from the wild forest they lovingly hied,
And the sage left his mansion of woe :
In peace and contentment he agedly died,
And in friendly society long did preside
Content with his station below.

Oft ! oft ! he repeated this maxim around ;
Man was fram'd to be useful to man ;
Who secludes all his gifts from societies round,
With pride, and with hatred doth ever abound,
And inters his own gift, with his hand !



THE
CASTLE OF WALDENBURG.

FROM A SWEDISH TALE.

FAR, far to the north in the Swedish domain,
The Castle of Waldenburg stands :
The turrets o'erlook the dread verge of the main,
And cast a dark shade o'er the wild pathless plain ;
Bare lies, and uncultur'd the lands.

The country around wears the aspect of woe,
And the rocks in a cluster arise :
From a dark hollow cave, with a murmuring flow,
A rivulet runs—and affrighted echoes,
As along the dark alley it flies.

The ruins around strew the untrodden plain,
Moss covers the walls of the pile ;
The owl in the turrets shrieks out a sad strain,

THE CASTLE OF WALDENBURG.

And sickens the heart of the neighbouring swain
As he marches across the defile.

Here Elrick renown'd in the annals of war,
Nocturnally feasted the hall ;
Mirth and pleasure was echoed round from afar,
While over his head shone the cold northern star,
And predicted all frowning his fall.

Six captives all fair, as the dawning of morn,
He bore to fam'd Waldenburg's tow'rs ;
Fair Zara the chief of the prize was upborne,
She lamented her fate, and her country forlorn,
While weary revolving the hours.

Sir Elrick's attention engag'd with the fair,
While his nobles in pleasure's array :
Each a partner did crave—who contemptuous de-
clar'd,

THE CASTLE OF WALDENBURG.

They would perish before they would thus be debar'd
Of the blessings of Liberty's ray.

Go!—go—said the Knight, to a man of the tow'r,
Attend these our pris'ners below :
And should they consent to our will and our pow'r,
Then riches upon them our nobles shall show'r
And deliver their bosoms from woe.

The captives consent—and the banquet went round,
Mirth and jollity shiver'd the walls ;
The dreary hour twelve, from the bell did resound,
When a potion of death by the virgins around,
Was convey'd unseen to the hall.

The goblets enmix'd with the poisonous flood,
Were emptied and filled again :
Till the liquid beginning to stir in the blood,
Aghast in amazement the warriors all stood,
And endeavour'd to speak, but in vain.

 THE CASTLE OF WALDENBURG.

The nobles enrag'd, caught their sabres, and all
 Assailed the bold female band ;
 Dreary were the sad shrieks when the weapons did
 fall,

The dead and the dying bestrew'd the sad hall,
 When murder restrained his hand.

The frighted domestics away from the dome,
 Escap'd in a horrible fright ;
 No person was order'd the dead to entomb,
 The Castle deserted—remains all alone,
 A dwelling to birds of the night.

An order sent out by the State had intad,
 That none should approach the sad tow'rs ;
 Lest the curious, unthinking—the forward and bold
 Should the murderous tragedy's minutes unfold,
 To the stain of the minist'ring pow'rs.

THE CASTLE OF WALDENBURG.

From that time hath no mortal presum'd to invade,
Or enter the gates of the pile ;
For Chronicles say ; that in nightly parade,
The ghosts of Sir Elrick, the nobles, and maids
Are feasting and shrieking the while.

The peasant far off as he 'tends to his fold,
Turns pale as he eyes the sad tow'rs :
The beasts all retreat as the place they behold,
And shun with remarkable caution the hold,
Which encloses the aerial pow'rs.

The bell in the tow'r as the peasantry say,
Tolls nocturnally at the dead hour :
White virgins are noted to march in array,
While the old-arched crevice emits a blue ray,
Casting horror and darkness before.

THE
ASTROLOGER'S SOLILOQUY.

————— *Oh! miserable Country!*
I prophecy the fearfulst time to thee,
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.

THE Planets are oppress'd with wond'rous weight
Mars, Saturn, Jupiter, by turns oppose ;
Shewing the wild disorders, bloody fights,
That will break out among both friends and foes.

The heav'ns are troubled, and the sky is red,
All nature feels a strange unusual press ;
Such blasts approaching, that the thickest sheds,
Will be no shelter to the deep distrest.

Some awful change! I feel it in the wind:
Approaches nigh ; it blows aloft, it flies,

THE ASTROLOGER'S SOLILOQUY.

Till sweeping down, with dreadful force behind,
It takes the earth—the wretched mortal dies.

Eruptions in the womb of earth team forth,
And shake the centre to the farthest pole ;
While pestilences, famines, brought to birth,
Will sweep all up !—will massacre the whole.

I must from hence, to diff'rent countries fly,
The dreadful blast still hovers—but 'tis coming ;
To stay behind I'd only forthwith die !
“ Lost in the general, undistinguish'd ruin.”



EPITAPH
ON A PROFLIGATE.

*Gigantic were the strides of the wicked, but
the Angel of Death stopped his career.*

FROM THE RUBRIC.

STOP! passenger as you go by,
On this Inscription cast an eye!
I once like you did flourish gay,
In fortune's flow'ry paths did stray!
None merrier o'er the bowl did sing,
None ranted more in Pleasure's ring!
Of Death's dire stroke, I never thought:
Nor for Religion ever sought,
Till Death with unrelenting rage,
Did sweep me off this world's wide stage,
Unprovided fore my maker's rage;
Then learn by me, ye youths, to shun,
The path where thousands are undone.

 ON WARKWORTH CASTLE.

Think ev'ry moment as your last,
 Repent of follies that are past,
 And set your thoughts on things above,
 Then heav'n's great mercy you will prove,
 Bless'd by God's everlasting love.

ON

 WARKWORTH CASTLE.

HOW sweetly pleasing o'er the landscape wide,
 Where Coquet's streams in soft meanders glide,
 Peninsulating round our calm retreat,
 Which once could boast great Percy's noble seat,
 Who boldly stood in factious days of yore,
 The faithful guardian of the distant shore ;
 When rough moss-troopers from the borders came,
 To spoil our farms with war's destructive flame,
 The peasant stood aghast and sore dismay'd,
 'Till Warkworth's lofty pile her flag display'd.

GOOD BYE.

TUNE—*Liberty Hall.*

THE Soldier of Fortune who aims at the field,
In Freedom's bold service his sabre to wield.
The badge on his back, and the blade by his side,
He's ready to march, and encounter the tide.
Foreign regions to brave; whence the valiant no
more,

Return!—or revisit their sad country's shore,
Some favorite Nymph of the sweet sloping vale
Who perhaps has his heart, now attends his farewell.

How their hearts

Oppres'd with woe,

Throb with sorrow at the blow.

While the slow repeated sigh,

Murm'ring mutters forth "good bye"

When the patriot of virtue, by Fortune forgot
Assailed by Duns, has retir'd from his cot,

GOOD BYE.

His creditors forming in battle array,
Scale the walls, and anon, bear the fabric away
While warm zealous friends in the time of his store,
At his hapless approach bolt the slow creaking door,
One friend, only one, whose attachment bears well,
Still receives the poor wand'rer, who bids him farewell.
How his heart, &c.

When the Lover by fate, is enforced to roam,
From his Chloris, his country, his friends, and his
home.
How high swells his bosom! how fast his tears flow;
He must venture the seas and no cheerfulness know.
Foreign climes to behold, where the stranger and brave
Oft find an untimely, and barren, cold grave.—
While the anchor's atrip, and all ready to sail,
The Nymph of his bosom attends his farewell.
How their hearts, &c.

When the miser, oppressed by Death is foretold,
Of his final adieu from this world and his gold!

GOOD BYE.

And that 'tis all vain thus to sob and to whine,
For that Satan, this moment expects him to dine,
The vot'ry of Plutus unable to speak,
Lies transfix'd on the floor, with cold fear on his
cheek.

One thing, only one, which he always lov'd well,
He grasps to his bosom, and wishes farewell!

How his heart, &c.

When the man of possession firm rooted below,
Plants, builds, and enjoys all that life can bestow.
The Tyrant of man, all enrag'd at his pride,
In air hurls his dart with invincible glide,
Oh! spare one year more, why so hasty to night?
Be content!—take this gold! and retire from my
sight.

No!—no!—cries the fiend—with inflexible yell,
Your time is expir'd,—and so wish it farewell!

How his heart, &c

GOOD BYE.

When a prop of the State, who for Liberty long,
 Has wrestled, and fought, 'gainst corruption and
 wrong,

Demosthenical he, in the House and the Bar,
 Has thunder'd at anarchy, bribery, and war!
 At last when Old age triumphs over his head,
 When he looks for his cares, and his troubles repaid,
 He sees his dear country fall under the yoke,
 Sees her sons by stern bondage, and anarchy broke.
 How his heart, &c.

When the bosom, by Nature instructed to feel,
 All the tender emotions the thought can reveal;
 Peruses some tale of the hero, and brave;
 Who cover'd with glory, dropt into the grave!
 Tears start in his eyes, at the warrior's adieu,
 And he wets the sad page, as he closes the view,
 As a Briton he fought, as a Briton he fell,
 Then ye brethern of his, rise! and wish him farewell!

 ISLE OF THE OCEAN.

While your hearts
 Oppress'd with woes,
 Throb with sorrow at the blow
 And the deep repeated sigh
 Bids the fated Page "good-bye!"

 ISLE OF THE OCEAN.

ONCE the Tyrant of Gaul
 As he sat in the Hall
 With his creatures debating the war,
 Started up from his seat,
 And declared it mete,
 To sound the loud trumpet afar,
 Our schemes would all do,
 And our Neighbours be true,
 Hand and heart they would join to occasion
 Europe as you see,

ISLE OF THE OCEAN.

Would from slav'ry be free :
Were it not for that little Isle of the Ocean.

Holland blesses the day
That we brought her away
And added her to the great empire
Denmark soon we shall have,
Sweden also we'll crave ;
Norway too has the same to desire :
Italia doth grow,
And in commerce will flow.
Russia also shall enter our notion ;
E're this you had seen
She our own would have been,
Were it not for that little Isle of the Ocean.

The warfare in Spain
Seem'd a point of disdain ;
To us, and our heroes of Gaul ;
But time let's us know,

ISLE OF THE OCEAN.

That it lingers on so,
We must hazard—and make her to fall.
The desultory mode,
And the robber-like code ;
Shall not lengthen the term of invasion.
Long e're this sad time,
We had call'd her our clime,
Were it not for that little Isle of the Ocean.

Portugal has now.
A thought to be true,
And drive out her faithless allies,
But these tyrants command,
Such a fear thro' the land
That she stoops to the sad sacrifice.
Fate bids us to bend
All our force to this end ;
And endeavour to save this sad nation ;
Long—long e're this fall

ISLE OF THE OCEAN.

She had been part of Gaul ;
Were it not for that little Isle of the Ocean.

The whole Baltic sea,
In time will be free
From these plund'ers of water and land,
From the broad German main
To the Mediterrane' ;
From Atlantic to Venice's strand,
One People, one Tongue,
One State, and one King,
Shall in time fill the mouth of relation ;
The World would have seen,
That ere now it would been,
Were it not for that little Isle of the Ocean.

Then let us unite,
And join with the fight,
The peace of the World to restore,—
Let us raise up a fleet,
Which superior shall meet,

ISLE OF THE OCEAN.

And from slav'ry redeem ev'ry shore,
To be held with one Isle,
From general empire !
Makes madness succeed to vexation ;—
At once let us rise,
In our rage sacrifice,
And root out this little Isle of the Ocean.





NOTES

TO CANTO FIRST.

NOTE 1, PAGE 17

Xerxes, King of Persia.

NOTE 2, P. 18.

France and Spain.

NOTE 3, P. 19.

Two Forts which defend the entrance of the Harbour; called by the Spaniards Los Puntal.

NOTE 4, P. 19.

Straits of Gibraltar.

NOTE 5, P. 19

A River in Spain, which falls into the Atlantic Ocean, near the Town of St Lucar.

NOTE 6, P. 20.

Admiral Villeneuve's flag Ship.

NOTE 7, P. 23

Straits of Gibraltar.

 TO CANTO FIRST.

NOTE 8, P. 23

Napolean Buonaparte.

NOTE 9, P. 25

Napolean Buonaparte.

NOTE 10, P. 32

The Island of Leon, on which the City of Cadiz stands.

NOTE 11, P. 32

Windlasses.

NOTE 12, P. 35

Calpe is a large Mountain near Gbralter, anciently one of Herculas' Pillars.

NOTE 13, P. 35

Captain Blackwood, who was employed to watch the motions of the Enemy.

NOTE 14, P. 36

Then Rear-Admiral of the British fleet.

NOTE 15, P. 38

Their Force was 33 Ships of the line ; 18 of which were French and the remaining 15 Spanish.

TO CANTO FIRST.

NOTE 16, P. 38

The British Force consisted of 27 sail of the line.

NOTE 17, P. 40

Rear-Admiral Collingwood.

NOTE 18, P. 40

Don Hidalgo Cisneros, Rear-Admiral of the Spanish fleet.

NOTE 19, P. 40

The second Ship in the Rear commanded by Captain Duff.

NOTE 20, P. 41

Don Ignatio Maria D'Alivia Vice-Admiral of the Spanish fleet.

NOTE 21, P. 43

The Santissima Trinidad, or in English the Holy Trinity of 136 guns.

NOTE 22, P. 45

See the Tragedy of Cato, by Mr Addison.

NOTE 23, P. 45

Don Baltazar Montalvo, Commander of the Santissima Trinidad.

 TO CANTO FIRST.

NOTE 24, P. 47

The Mizzen, or lowest mast of a Ship.

NOTE 25, P. 49

The Starboard side here referred to is only that of the upper deck.

NOTE 26, P. 49

The flag Staff on the poop, which bears the Imperial Colours.

NOTE 27, P. 51

The tops are to be understood as the highest parts of the main masts.

NOTE 28, P. 54

Rear-Admiral Collingwood's flag ship of 112 guns.

NOTE 29, P. 54

The flag ship of Admiral Villeneuve Commander in Chief.

NOTE 30, P. 57

Admiral Gravina, Commander of the Spanish fleet.

NOTE 31, P. 58

Gravina at 3 P. M. broke away from the line with ten ships, and stood towards Cadiz.

TO CANTO FIRST.

NOTE 32, P. 61

The second ship in the van of the English.

NOTE 33, P. 72

Two Frenchmen.

NOTE 34, P. 72

The British boarded the *Intrépide* and took possession about 5 P. M.

NOTE 35, P. 72

Captain, or Chief Officer of the English vessel.

NOTE 36, P. 72

The *Achilles*, a French seventy four struck about 5 P. M. and while the English were taking possession of her, a man set fire to the Magazine and blew her up.

LIFE OF LORD NELSON.

TO CANTO SECOND.

NOTE 1, P. 82

Minerva.

NOTE 2, P. 83

Plato.

 TO CANTO SECOND.

NOTE 3, P. 85

Alluding to the Battle of Trafalgar.

NOTE 4, P. 94

Leon.

NOTE 5, P. 95

Rear-Admiral Collingwood.

NOTE 6, P. 97

The gallant Admiral's remains were brought to England, and interred with all the honour due to extraordinary Merit.

LIFE OF LORD NELSON.

NOTE 7, P. 99

The Burlings are a cluster of small rocky Islands about 16 leagues south of Cape Mondego.

NOTE 8, P. 100

An Island in the Adriatic near the Gulph of Lepanto.

NOTE 9, P. 102

Vigo is a sea-port Town in Galicia, a Province of Spain.

TO CANTO SECOND.

NOTE 10, P. 104

A chief Officer in one of the British Ships.

NOTE 11, P. 106

A small Town seated on Ree Island, opposite to Rochelle.

NOTE 12, P. 106

Captain Howe of the *Magnanime* of 74 guns made a descent upon this Island Sept. 1st. 1757, when after a gallant defence the garrison of 600 men surrendered at discretion.

NOTE 13, P. 108

Admiral Hawke engaged the French fleet under Conflans of the west of Bellisle in the year 1759, and totally defeated it. The French admiral was killed while attempting to escape to shore.

NOTE 14, P. 110.

This action was fought in 1761, by an English Fleet under Commodore Keppel, and land forces under General Hodgson, when the Island was taken after a gallant defence made by the Governor Chevalier de St. Croix

 TO MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

NOTE 1, P. 118.

Warkworth Castle

NOTE 2, P. 120.

The Castles of Warkworth and Alnwick.

NOTE 1, P. 158.

People are sent over to the Island in the summer season to cut this weed, burn it, and reduce it to a consistence called kelp.

NOTE 2, P. 161.

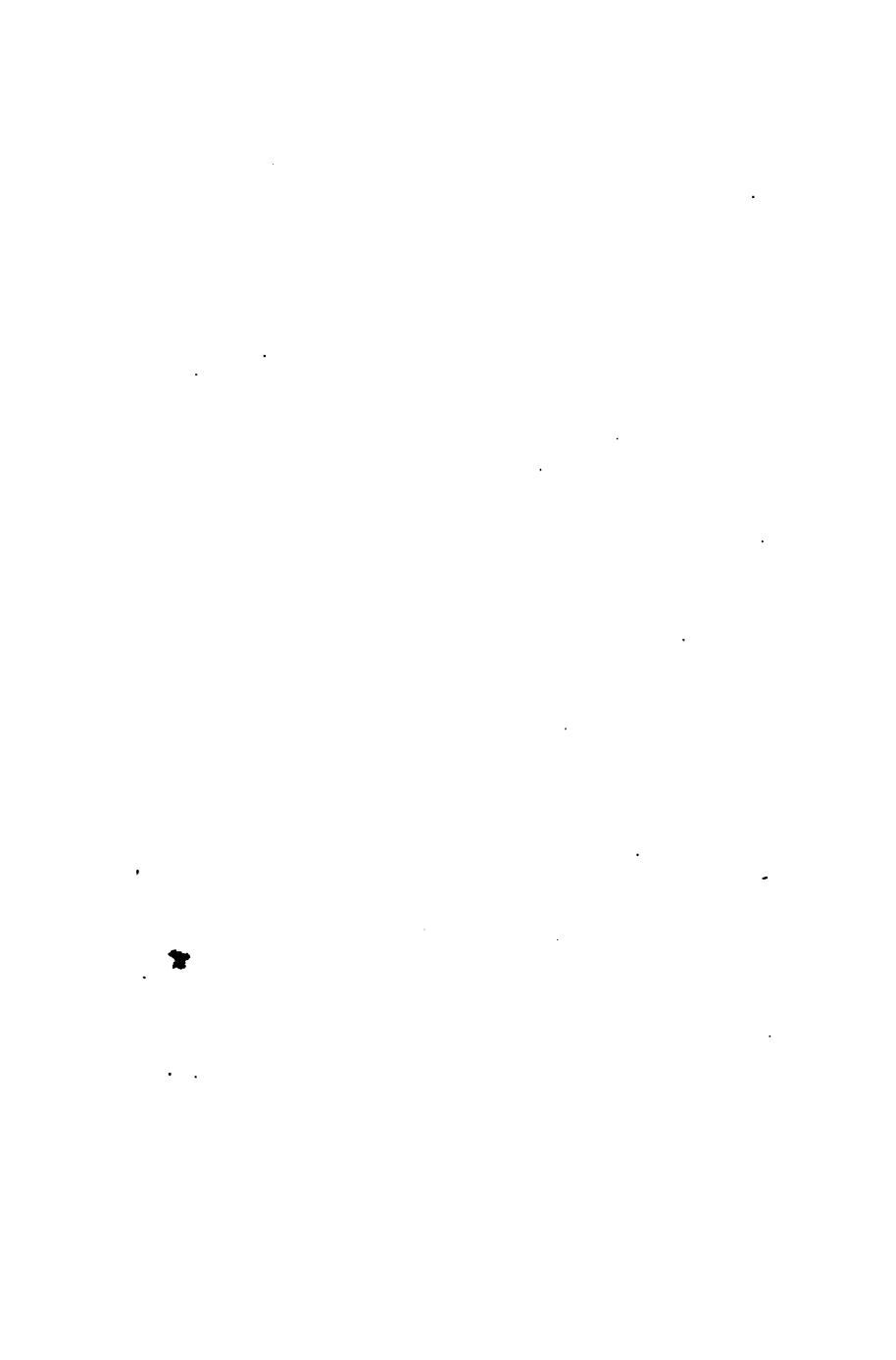
The Salt-pans which stood at the mouth of the river Coquet, but are now in ruins.

NOTE 3, P. 167.

Neptune, the God of the Sea.

FINIS.

Davison,
Printer, Alnwick. }





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